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# The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## The Elections

By W. M. R.

BOSSES routed everywhere, except in Frisco. McClellan, if safe as Mayor of New York, by the skin of his teeth. Pattison almost elected on his "lid" in Ohio. Gorman disfranchised dictator in Maryland. Weaver wins in Philadelphia. Cox, boss, wiped out in Cincinnati. An anti-Mormon Mayor chosen in Salt Lake City. Everett Colby, a winner in darkest New Jersey. And Jerome in New York.

The people rule—when they want to.

Significances? Hearst's race—he was counted out—makes public ownership a national issue. Jerome looms a remote Presidential possibility. McClellan—nit. Pattison's race in Ohio warns the liquor interests to lay low. Fiddler Schmitz in Frisco warns the Citizens' Industrial Alliance, secret cult, away from politics. Tom Johnson's third election as Mayor of Cleveland keeps him alive as a National reform factor.

For the rest, Roosevelt wins! And Folk, too.

Folk is further strengthened in his lead on the next Democratic Presidential nomination. His "lid" is vindicated in Ohio, and his "closed town" in Jerome's triumph.

"Graft is on the fritzer" everywhere, and bosses on the bum, and high finance politics is ausgespielt.

"And the destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together, and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed." Isaiah 1: 28.

## Ho For the Flower Show

By Emily Grant Hutchings

IT is worth while enduring a summer of St. Louis heat, just to get in trim, lazy, languid, sentimental trim, for the compensation of October and early November—the Indian Summer siesta between glow and snow when Father Mississippi sends broadcast the shreds of his wildering sorceress-veil to fill all the air with silver haze.

Spring may still hold her scepter as mistress of the youthful fancy which lightly turns to thoughts of mating and nest-building; but Autumn is the season when old men grow romantic, when all the world would fain creep close to Hippocrene's magical fountain and bathe in its iridescent spray. But it is not permitted us to linger in this realm of languid delight. The old river gathers again to his bosom the sorceress-veil of Indian Summer haze. The dream is ended, and we awaken with a shock to find ourselves face to face with the stern realities of life and—Winter.

At the close of this enchanted siesta comes the Flower Show.

Flowers constitute the natural link between the material and the spiritual. They were endowed with significance of spiritual beauty, along with that of music, before the era of recorded history. So full of joyous, gracious life are they, yet so closely allied with the inanimate clay beneath our feet, that the infant world looked to them as to symbols of solutions of the unanswerable questions: Whence? Whither?

To the simple, unlettered savage they were the visible, tangible expression of the Great Unseen. In Dahomey as late as 1835, the barbigerum, an uncanny species of insect-catching orchid, was worshiped as the manifestation of the supreme deity. The penalty for plucking one of these flowers was death by a process of torture too horrible to record. Fortunate was that culprit who found favor with the priests and was permitted merely to be thrown into a den of writhing, venomous snakes while the priests yelled and danced, drowning the shrieks of the victim with the beating of their tom-toms. The barbigerum, with its rhythmically waving lip, its grotesque shape and fantastic color, was to the savages of Dahomey a revelation of the arch-fiend whom they venerated, for among savages of the black races it is the Evil, not the Good Spirit that must be propitiated. The white savage looked upon flowers as messengers of health and joy from the sun, the clouds and the far-off stars.

Somewhat of this feeling lingered in the fancy of the cultured Greeks who wove bright legends of demigods and nymphs whose life-span, cut short by cruel fate, was perpetuated an endless count of seasons from germination to seed-time in some fragrant blossom. Thus Hyacinthus, that Spartan youth with whom Apollo delighted to engage in the sports dear to all Lacedaemonians, gave both being and name to one of our loveliest spring flowers. His untimely taking-off was ascribed to the jealousy of Zephyrus, lord of the west wind, who had once been the favorite companion of the sun god. As Apollo and Hyacinthus played at quoits, the malicious West Wind drew near, all unseen, seized the discus when it left the powerful hand of the god and hurled it with death-dealing force against the temple of the mortal

youth. Where Hyacinthus sank to earth his gushing blood transformed the grass from green to purple. Apollo sought in vain to stay the fleeting spark of life. He could not bring back the victim of his own hand. Yet Hyacinthus must not perish from the earth. Lifting the boy in his arms Phoebus breathed upon the blood-stained grass and lo, there sprang into a riot of color a mass of pendant bells, waxen to the touch and of matchless sweetness. All among the whispering grasses they grew, purple for the life-blood of the boy, white for his pallid brow, pink for the lovely color of his oft-flushed cheek, and blue for the wonder of his heavenly eyes. As a further expression of his grief, Apollo caused the tender veins of the petals to spell "*Ai*," the Greek cry of lamentation. To the fickleness of that same grief-stricken deity is ascribed the origin of both the heliotrope and the sunflower.

Poor Clytie, knowing full well that his ardor had waned, sat nine long days and nights upon the earth, tasting neither food nor wine. All day long she followed his course through the heavens, and at dawn her appealing face was the first to greet his coming. At length her feet took root, her hands grew into leaves, and her face was transformed, some say into the dainty heliotrope. Others assert that her devotion blossomed into a very likeness of the heavenly orb.

*"Oh! the heart that once truly loves never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close;  
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets  
The same look that she turned when he rose."*

The stately laurel, with which the Olympian victor was wont to crown his brow, was Daphne, beloved of Apollo, daughter of the river god, Peneus. Gladly might the maiden have yielded to that tenderest of lovers, had not Amor pierced her unsuspecting bosom with the leaden shaft of indifference. The ardent god of the sun, flushed from his recent victory over the death-breathing python, fared forth in quest of new triumphs for his shining shafts, when the lovely Daphne crossed his path. The feminine heart had ever been plastic to his entreaty. What meant the startled look, the cry of dismay, the sudden flight? A passing fancy for the lissome maid was transformed, in the young god's breast, to mad desire. As she fled, he pursued, importuning her with words of burning devotion. Never did lover promise more rashly. Never was maiden more obdurate. Then, as her limbs, overcome by fright and the long race, began to grow faint, as she felt his hot breath on her cheek and his eager arms about her form, she cried aloud to her father, Peneus, to deliver her from this unwelcome devotion. Gradually the tender form grew rigid in his embrace. The wind-blown tresses burst forth in a glory of glossy leaves. The lovely eyes, the tempting lips were enshrouded in superb verdure, yet beneath the inhospitable bark of the laurel tree the heart of Daphne still fluttered, safe, yet terrified; as the god bewailed his bitter disappointment. Strangest of all paradoxes this product of Apollo's failure was made the emblem of victory, as if the deity "whose locks have never been shorn" must needs pluck victory from defeat.

## THE MIRROR

In Athens the violet, chosen device of the proud city, was the theme of a pitifully tender story. Io, that favorite of omnipotent Zeus—omnipotent except when his ox-eyed spouse chose to interfere—falling a victim to Hera's jealous rage, was transformed into a milk-white heifer. The cruel truth of her humiliation was revealed to her when her tongue craved the sweet green grass, instead of her wonted fruit and honey. Driven by hunger, she bent her head to crop the short turf and her lover, taking pity on her *abaissement*, caused violets to spring up where her lip had touched the grass.

Shakespeare loved the violet. Over and over he alludes to its breathing constancy, its modest beauty, its delicious perfume, as when the Duke in "Twelfth Night," listening to the plaintive melody in subdued minors, murmurs softly,—

*That strain again; it had a dying fall.  
Oh it came o'er my ear like the sweet South  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor."*

The poets of early Greece sang a lovetale of the daisy; but this modest blossom is more closely associated in sentiment with a later period. Old Chaucer refers to it as the "e'e of daie," hence the "day's eye," because of its resemblance to the white-rayed, yellow sun. We know it as the marguerite, because Margaret of Anjou, although a Lancastrian by marriage, and so a wearer of the red rose as opposed to the white rose of York, made the daisy her chosen emblem. In her honor it was woven into garlands to crown the heads of her courtiers at the festal boards, and those who would find favor with her had its dainty form woven in their robes. Marguerite de Valois, a better though a less powerful woman than the unhappy queen of Henry VI., also chose the daisy as her emblem.

Those who are familiar only with the long-stemmed hot-house variety and the persistent wild daisy of the northern fields, will experience a new delight when they behold for the first time the Shasta daisy, the matchless creation of Luther Burbank, that most devoted of all plant growers who is both commonly and properly termed the "plant wizard of America." Burbank, when a boy in the fields near Boston, learned to love and pity the daisies which the farmers strove to eradicate as common nuisances. The time came when he found it possible to do a service for his unassuming but hardly little friends. He had already demonstrated, to his own satisfaction and the marvel of the world, that plants may be made to utterly change their character and habits.

His New England daisy had hardiness; that was all. But he knew a Japanese daisy of dazzling whiteness and an English daisy with large blossoms and a long stem. From three continents he selected the best specimens for color, size and vigor. Then began his long task of cross-fertilization, selection and propagation. From the first year's work but eight seeds were obtained. These were sown and of the resulting plants, only two were worthy to survive. These two yielded fifty seeds, which in turn were sown, observed and finally weeded out. After eight years of devotion, the wizard wert forth to pass final judgment on a field of fifteen thousand daisies. Of these scarcely a dozen were ratained, but these were perfect. Burbank had attained his heart's desire. He was prepared to give to the world a daisy of superb whiteness, four to six inches across, and with an unbranching stem two feet long. Best of all, it would thrive in any *reasonable* climate.

Without question the most popular flower, the year round, is the rose, that owes its origin, in classic myth, to the love and lamentation of Aphrodite for her mortal lover, the rash but devoted Adonis. The poets of old sang over and over the tragic story, as poets will sing it to the end of time. Bion's mel-

low Greek verse an English poet has rendered into stiff measure thus—

*That wretched queen, Adonis bewailing,  
For every drop of blood lets fall a tear;  
Two blossoming flowers the mingled streams disclose.  
Anemone the tear; the blood, a rose."*

In the lore of the Northland, the rose blossom was Nanna, wife of Baldur, whom the missionary priests pointed out to the heathen barbarians as their antetype of the Christ. His quest of Nanna, in the thrall of the Frost Giants, and her glorious awakening among the fostering thorns of the rose, was made to point the way to a comprehension of the Resurrection. So the rose shares honors with the lily, as an emblem of Easter, in all Germanic lands.

It is a long road from the pale pink sweetbriar to the haughty American Beauty, the exquisite Mermot, the fragrant Marechal Neil; but according to Burbank rose perfection has not yet been attained. In the experiment field at Sebastopol, near Santa Rosa, thousands of blossom-laden bushes have been dug up and consigned to the flames, three or four perfect ones being kept for propagating. Five properties have ever been kept in mind, as the wonderful man makes his selections. These are, first of all, vigor; then shipping qualities. After these come, color form and fragrance. It is a crass, commercial age, and the commercialism must needs be woven into the fiber of the very flower whose mission it is to save us from the sordid materialism of our enforced environment. The rose that does not ship well, that withers within a few hours after its stem has been cut, has no show in the market. No matter how fragrant or how exquisite its petals, it is but a worthless weed if those same petals wither and drop away when the source of life-giving sap has been cut off. Burbank's perfected rose will travel from California to New York, there to grace the banquet table of the opulent, as fresh, as proud as if it had never forsaken the parent stem. In color, size and curve of petals, its like has never been seen.

The annual Flower Show, in our latitude, coming at the very edge of winter, is usually a chrysanthemum show, interspersed with cut plants of every hothouse variety. It is not a manifestation of the new craze for Orientalism. We had it in all its glory fully fifteen years ago, when Japan and China were far off lands indeed. Those were halcyon days when, for a week, the lower floor of Music Hall was covered, seats and all; and the whole place was a riot of gorgeous color. It was a society event in those days, and the merchant florists who catered all unwittingly to the higher, the purely aesthetic side of life, reaped a golden harvest.

There is little left for the American plant grower to do in the evolution of the *kiku*, the Japanese gold-flower. The clever, painstaking Japs have not neglected their national flower, so far as form, size and vigor are concerned. It is said the perfume is the soul of the flower, and the chrysanthemum, like the Japanese woman, has no soul. It remains for our "plant wizard" who has imparted to the ill-smelling dahlia the fragrance of the magnolia, to create a soul for the splendid chrysanthemum.

We should all turn out to do honor to the Flower Show, remembering the flowers as the symbols of all that is rich and rare and fine in life, in literature, in art, in religion; gift of love to love and last defiance of love thrown in the face of death. Let us go to the show. There's no better way to escape for a while this dull, sordid grind of city life. Come, let's "babble o' green fields" with the ladies bending o'er their sister flowers.

\* \* \*

Poe is barred from our Hall of Fame. Yet Henry Ward Beecher is admitted. Which of these was the more or less moral? There is no doubt as to which was the genius.

## Reflections

### Pains of Freedom

**I**T is not now the Russian soldiery led by men in authority who are murdering Jews, but the "friends of freedom." From this some may conclude that the Russians are not fit for freedom, that no people are fit for freedom who will not grant it themselves. Still, in all such stress and strain of a nation's birth there must be suffering of the innocent for the guilty, and the world cannot but hope that under a new dispensation the enfranchised Russ will learn tolerance for the poor Jew, who has borne not only the burden of the autocracy, but the superadded burden of the ignorance, superstition and hatred of the people. A little longer breathing of free air and the Russian will see that the Jew has been, and is his brother in suffering, and must be his helper to and sharer in the larger benefits of freedom. Because the Russians misuse their liberty in the first access of ignorant joy, we must not doubt that liberty is good for them. We, who have known freedom for a long time, occasionally misuse it. Liberty is good, even in the face of the crimes committed in her name. Only as we are freed of the tyranny of others can we shake off the tyranny of our ignorance and our evil passions. Freedom will disinfect the Russians of their violence of Jew-hatred.

\* \* \*

### A Museum Idea

MR. BEN ALTEHENIMER'S suggestion that the Public Museum shall be open to all, and especially to children on Sundays is one which we hope the museum projectors will adopt. That the institution shall realize the full degree of educational effectiveness contemplated in its organization is possible in no other way than through the free access of the people to its treasures. All the collections of other institutions in St. Louis should be merged and combined with the spirit of art and nature in the Public Museum, and the results aimed at will be more surely attained. Mr. Altenheimer has the right practical idea, deduced from a careful study during many vacations, in which he idled with intelligent receptivity in the museums of Europe.

\* \* \*

MR. DAVID R. FRANCIS having been taken with the Democratic presidential sickness, reminds us of the story of the Irishman who told his friend, "Me wife do be awful sick." The sympathetic friend inquired: "Is ut dangerous she is?" To which the sorrowing husband replied: "No; she's too weak to be dangerous anny more."

\* \* \*

### The Pardon of the Boodlers

GOVERNOR FOLK cannot do a better thing than pardon the St. Louis boodlers. They have served enough time, since the fact of imprisonment rather than its duration is the essential element of the punishment in the cases of men who were of some standing before their conviction, men who did criminal acts, but did them in an environment and under circumstances such as to obliterate the criminality in their customariness. Then, too, the poor bribed were convicted. The rich bribers went free. Again, that six men should be punished, at least a dozen equally guilty were left free because they were State's witnesses. Governor Folk can afford to pardon the boodlers he convicted. Why not? He had to pardon a dozen boodlers, or, at least not prosecute them, in order to secure the convictions. The men in prison are not likely to repeat their crimes. They will never

have a chance to do so. Their families need them. They will be of decent, honest use to society if not done before the prison poison ruins their moral stamina. Clearly, Governor Folk should pardon the convicted boodlers, and in doing so he would not lose the faith or confidence of one of the millions of people who regard him as little less than the Thirteenth Champion of Christendom.

♦♦

In the Mexico *Ledger* appears a suggestion of Mr. E. W. Stephens, of Columbia and Jefferson City, as a Democratic candidate for Governor. Good man, Mr. Stephens. But St. Louis' heart beats only for Thomas Elwood Kinney as the head of the next State ticket. Kinney is the man who can get the vote out—and in—even when it isn't there.

♦♦

*How Joe Puzzles 'Em*

GOVERNOR FOLK's frequent visits to St. Louis, and those who meet him at the hotel, when compared with similar receptions held by other Governors, furnish an excellent field of speculation for those who study official character. Few politicians of any note meet Governor Folk on these occasions, except in the most casual way. There is no rush at the hotel bar. The ward politician is absent. So is the affable and "highly respectable" corporation attorney. Locally, only those who have official business with him seem to know that he is in town. Conferences are attended by these officials only. Yet on each visit the Governor finds time to meet friends and strangers in the hotel lobby. Usually, strangers far outnumber the citizens. They have all heard of him, and many want to see him. When he enters the Planters' Hotel lobby, attaches of the hotel pass the word around, and there is a craning of necks. "And so that is Governor Folk," one hears going the rounds: "I would like to meet him," some say. Others seem satisfied with a look. If the Governor is pleased with the attention he has attracted, he does not show it—if he is displeased, he does not indicate as much. The ever-pleasant smile, or grin, as some call it, does not change. He stays in the hotel lobby just long enough to indicate that he has no time to idle away. At the same time, he does not appear to be trying to create the impression that he is too busy to exchange the usual formalities with those he meets. He doesn't dodge anybody—not even the proud priapian who ran against him for the nomination, and who always calls him "the gelding," and he has met Col. Ed. Butler, whom he tried to send to the penitentiary, without embarrassment. Had he made a long study of the best method of favorably impressing the average stranger he could not have succeeded any better. He does not hold his levees in a private room, like most of his predecessors. Private business is transacted in private quarters, but there is no flocking together in a double room of town politicians, a day devoted to tippling and smoking, and the greater part of the night following to poker. It was in Planters' House poker with State ring politicians that some of the Clinton bank's money was dissipated, it is said. If Governor Folk plays poker the politicians do not know it. And he doesn't play with the officers of pet banks, surely. The chances are that he doesn't know the difference between a jack-pot and ping-pong. One thing, however, he has developed to a remarkable degree since he became Governor, and that is a method of holding the politicians at arms-length. Seemingly, Messrs. Maroney and Mulvihill are the only two of his appointees who feel that their official heads are safe. The Governor always sees Nelson W. McLeod, his Scotch Highball adviser, at some place other than

the hotel. Neither does he see President Stewart of the Police Board there. He often glides out to the home of John C. Roberts on his visits. He never drops into a saloon for a drink, as he did when Circuit Attorney. Another matter that appears to have escaped public attention is the fact that Governor Folk has developed wonderfully in a good many ways during the past two years. From a thin-voiced barrister he has developed into a national figure, credited with a goodly amount of oratorical skill. And the corporation lawyers no longer ridicule his legal ability, as they did early in the boodle trials. The step upward was a long and high one in his case. True, fortune has favored him, but he has not neglected his opportunities. With strangers one of his strongest points is his independence and fearlessness of expression upon lines of general agreement with the Ten Commandments. With the politicians he is uncommunicative, but a good listener, and he is genial without being cordial. When he comes to St. Louis he evidently does not miss the politicians who constituted reception committees to former Governors. This is rather to be rejoiced in, for the gatherings of gang rag-tag and bobtail, slouching, swaggering, swearing, boozing, coarse-grained "gents" that received some of our Governors in the past were disgraceful in their general suggestion of the lowness of politics. He seems to be just as happy without the presence of the boys who are ready to slug through a primary on their one annual day of open truce with the police. If he notices Chief Kiely walking around the hotel lobby as if he had air-cushions tied on his copious feet, or the respectful distance most persons stand from him when he is talking to newspaper reporters, he gives no evidence thereof. Governor Dockery was pleasant enough with the reporters when he wanted something printed that he thought would redound to his own credit, but Governor Folk will always give them an audience. To the reporters, at least, he has not changed. But for them he were still "some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood." Ex-Governors Stephens and Stone would spend half a day about a hotel lobby chatting with friends. An hour seems to be Governor Folk's limit. He does not get off in a corner where but a chosen few can get near him, but remains standing—though, not in a conspicuous space. Occasionally he moves about a little. He does not pose, and yet he does not seek obscurity. It is all so different from what Missourians have been used to, that the old-timer feels like asking himself over and over again: "What manner of man is Governor Folk?" I really believe, that on the whole, they are beginning to like his style better than that of his predecessors. They feel that he has some dignity, and that he has elevated the Governorship of the State into the respect of the whole country.

♦♦

TOM JOHNSON is for Folk for President. Folk begins to look like a band wagon even if he sounds, at times, like a barrel-organ.

♦♦

IF I mistake not, that new picture-maker, Frueh, on the *Post-Dispatch*, is destined to great sardonic, ironic, cruelly cynical work in art. He has the immense, raw crudity of strength which makes his technical deficiencies negligible. His work reminds one of the savage strength of the German caricaturists in *Jugend*, *Simplicissimus* and *Wahr Jacob*, and it is none the less remarkable for being fresh from a farm up in Missouri. The artist has a sense of fun, but more than that is the searing quality of his

satire and scorn. We shall hear from Frueh in the years to be.

*The Mighty Hunter*

NOVEMBER 1 inaugurated the opening season for killing game in this State. More than a week has elapsed without any news from Col. Moses Wetmore's game preserve in Taney County of a single octopus falling before his unerring aim. This may be due to the fact that Mr. Bryan is not with him to round up "the feral creatures of the wild." In any event, let us hope that his eye has not grown dim in sighting an octopus from afar, and that his ear has not been dulled in acuteness of apperception of the roar of this frightful beast.

♦♦

*A Warning to Warner*

THE numerous banquets Senator Warner has been attending in Kansas City and points in the Indian Territory and Kansas, suggest an inquiry as to the capacity of his digestive organs. His usefulness at the approaching session of Congress may be in jeopardy, for all his admiring friends in Missouri know. It is recalled that his rise in politics is in no wise due to his capacity as a famine-breeder at banquets of the Kansas City Four Hundred. To the contrary, it dates back to his attendance at numerous G. A. R. campfires, where the provender consisted solely of baked pork and beans, hardtack and black coffee. It was on such viands that a modest major from Wisconsin grew to be a United States Senator from Missouri. As a consumer of campfire "grub," and an entertaining, if interminable talker at the G. A. R. meetings, he soon became a man of political parts in Missouri. Once he sought the Governorship, but went down in the wreck of his party. He ran against his present Senatorial colleague. He has held several government jobs, and refused others. He was the personal friend of President McKinley, due, in part, at least, to his popularity with the old soldiers. While it cost two Republicans small fortunes to be defeated for United States Senator last winter, it didn't cost Major Warner a penny to secure the prize. The job just hunted him up, so to speak, when the Frisco Railroad found out it could not elect either Col. Dick Kerens or L. F. Parker, and Tom Niedringhaus discovered at the same time that he had been put out of the game by reason of Adolphus Busch's contribution to the campaign fund, which appeared in the State Committee's headquarters' book-keeping as Tom's own gift for the good of the cause. But this is something of a digression from banquets, unless Kerens and Niedringhaus think feeding on crow comes in the category of banquets. It is Senator Warner's future, not his past, that is now of moment. The banquet habit undoubtedly has its drawbacks. Here in St. Louis it has produced some alarming symptoms. One of its victims thinks he is a likely candidate for the Presidency. He also wants to visit kings and potentates, and see his picture constantly in the newspapers. He wants a banquet every night, and a free newspaper puff every day, and also wants other people to pay the freight. Let Senator Warner beware. Hog and hominy don't mix with champagne and midnight dinners, and cigars at 50 cents apiece—not in Missouri, at least. The Four Hundred festal board causes strange hallucinations, particularly in devotees with political hopes. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, defeat at the hands of the rabble, and a whole train of evils follow. Senator Stone is known to be ready for the fray when Congress meets. He spent four months at country gatherings last summer, and fall building up his

## THE MIRROR

constitution and digestive organs on pure air and wholesome picnic "feed." The pumpkin pies he has eaten, if stacked up on one another, would make a pillar of sweetness overtopping the Ferris wheel and the Government wind gauge on the Chemical Building. When Congress assembles he will go after the trusts and money syndicates with a resolution of inquiry to ascertain how much money they contributed to campaign funds. Backed by good lungs, and a stomach that does not perform its functions on the installment plan, he will give high finance such a lambasting as will make Wm. J. Bryan fearful of his trophies. His brain-power has been augmented beyond the possibility of any mensuration in dynamics by an almost Gargantuan consumption of fried fish from Missouri's purling streams. Will Senator Warner prove equal to the occasion, and ask, in the thunderous tone, with a stressed elision of the "h," which once aroused the voters of the Kaw, that the resolution be so amended as to look into corporation contributions to Gubernatorial funds? If he does, well and good. The Kansas City banquets will be vindicated. But if he feebly protests in a piping, dyspeptic voice, the House of Warner will take a tumble then and there. The Kaw banquet will be condemned as quite as deadly to political hopes in Missouri as the St. Louis feast. Pork and beans will go up, and Senator Warner will have to content himself in the future with trying to work his pictures off on gullible newspapers. Following such an event, every politician in the State will want to be inoculated against the banquet habit. Quack doctors will multiply, sanitariums will spring up over the land, and an anti-banquet National ticket may follow in the wake. Senator Warner should swear off on banquets, else only too soon he may be out in the cold with nothing to chew more palatable than sawdust breakfast food and the cud of bitter fancy.

♦♦

*Beer vs. Coffey*

SOME of our German friends in their rage over being deprived of their Sunday beer are boycotting Coffey. Fortunately there are some thousands of people here who make neither beerism nor Coffeyism the ideal of liquor regulation. "The lid" is an indirect attack upon personal liberty. It is a beginning of a sumptuary policy distasteful to people of liberal opinions. It introduces a particularly objectionable sort of paternalism. That the great majority of people who don't like the lid is not making much noise about it, is perfectly true. That the majority of St. Louisans would vote for a Sunday lid is unthinkable to any one knowing the population and its customs. Nevertheless, the criminations and recriminations between the beerites and the Coffeyites cease to be either instructive or amusing. Most of us go along and obey the law. When the Legislature meets we may be able to make the solons see that what is good for a small community in liquor regulation is neither good nor politic in a big town.

♦♦

*Bloch In Gotham.*

THIS month's *Bookman* contains some striking caricatures, one of "The Crown Prince of American Literature" whose identity you are left to guess, one of Rudyard Kipling, one of Richard Watson Gilder, and two others. They are a striking collection of interpretations humorous and grotesque of men of note in the world literary. They are the work of a St. Louisian—Mr. Albert Bloch, whose "kindly caricatures" have been such an artistically enjoyable feature of the MIRROR for the past six months. Mr. Bloch is finding himself. It will not be long until he

shall be reckoned and recognized as ranking with the best men in the country in his line of art endeavor. As New York and the *Bookman* recognize him, probably St. Louis will awaken to his worth. The MIRROR is gratified that it has been the medium through which Mr. Bloch has "arrived." There is much in him to be asserted artistically and all of it is pleasant, for he is a young man of most engaging qualities, who is to be married late next month to a young woman well known here, Miss Altheimer.

♦♦

If the North American and Colonial investment bonds are all right, and the companies are on the level, why cannot investors withdraw their money at the advertised surrender values? If the companies redeem their bonds, why must the investors enter suit in court to get what the companies should give voluntarily under the terms of their contracts? The bond company schemes are fraudulent.

♦♦

*Telephone Consolidations*

LAST winter Senator McAllister, of Monroe County, introduced a bill in the State Senate making provision for permitting a telegraph company to operate telephone lines. It was a very innocent-appearing bill, but Senator Kinney of this city, in spite of its looks, succeeded in having it conveyed to the official waste basket. He took the stand of every honest and intelligent member of the Legislature in refusing to support a measure, the purport of which he did not thoroughly understand. It was believed then that the ultimate object of this measure was to give the Western Union Telegraph Company a chance to gobble up the telephone lines. In this State the same tie of friendship, or whatever it may be called, is supposed to exist between the Bell Telephone Company and the Gould interests that exist between the Missouri and Kansas Telephone Company, and the Burlington Railroad system. But the numerous independent lines in this and adjoining States have left the big telephone companies to fight each other for business in the large cities. In all the smaller cities, and also in the rural districts, independent lines are operated to-day. These lines connect all the small cities, and a very large number of the farm houses. Rentals, too, are nominal. The Bell Telephone Company has suffered a big loss of business in these cities of late years because of its exorbitant charges.

The other day the St. Louis papers announced the formation of a \$6,000,000 telephone trust, to control lines in Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and other Middle States, with St. Louis capitalists conspicuous in the organization. A telephone trust is not going to amount to very much in this State, outside of St. Louis, unless the independent lines are absorbed. It will require legislation to do this—something along the line of the consolidated street railway bill, boodled through the Legislature at an enormous cost, by eminent lawyers, who thought boodling was only "a conventional offense," and introduced by a country member, of course. It would be a bonanza if all the independent lines could be absorbed by one system. For two years strong efforts have been made to consolidate the independent lines of Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas. Negotiations are believed to have progressed so far that the deal could be consummated if Missouri was ready to pluck. The move in the Missouri Legislature will, perhaps, come in the shape of a measure to equalize telephone rates with a consolidation clause carefully concealed. Perhaps the Western Union would be interested in such a consolidation—perhaps not. It is a fact, however, that the independent telephone

lines make heavy inroads on the receipts from telegraph tolls, and this is enough to arouse suspicion of the Western Union's intention to get rid of a rival institution by gobbling it. Telegraph rates are usually cut in half wherever the Western Union and Postal compete. The difference between independent telephone rentals and the charges of the Bell Telephone Company in St. Louis are much greater. For example, residence telephones in Jefferson City cost \$1.50 a month, and the service is excellent. This is away below even the Kinloch charges in this city. As yet, there is no necessity for regulating telephone charges in the small cities. Competition is so brisk between independent lines that telephone service is practically within the reach of all. No wonder a trust is looking longingly at this juicy plum. But the time for big trust bills in the Missouri Legislature is not yet returned. No more grabs like the street railway consolidation will be jammed through for many a year, unless all the newspapers are bought up and all the young politicians who may see their political future in opposition to such schemes.

♦♦

DR. SNODGRASS will be confirmed by the City Council as Health Commissioner. The Democrats couldn't agree on another man, and wouldn't let the Republicans get control of the department and its patronage. Dr. Marks saw things differently after two or three automobile rides with the Mayor.

♦♦

*Beau Landrum*

BEAU LANDRUM is putting all the younger men of Society out of business in St. Louis. Since he came Clarence Hoblitzelle has merged himself in the deeper shadows of the background to the lower left. Count Robert Park von Wedelstaedt has telescoped his Apollonian length and lissomness into almost infinitesimal compass since the rising of this sun, and son, of "Kaintuck." Mr. Lewis T. Tune, on three separate and distinct occasions, has ridden as far west on Olive street as Vandeventer avenue and forgotten to "drop off at the club" at High-ball Alley. He was thinking of the splendid social usurpation of Beau Landrum. Capt. Corkery is in the dumps because the debutantes have deserted him for the sweet-voiced and swash-mannered Colonel from the Blue Grass region. Mr. Frank D. Hirschberg sees his glory departed as the *arbiter elegantiarum*, slicker than the proverbial grease of the goose, and as tactful as a stage Jesuit in disguise. Beau Landrum is the whole thing as the society man, and moreover, he is forging to the front as a power in politics. He is the greatest ladies' man this city has ever known. He is even the greatest ladies' man ever connected with the Planters' Hotel, and we say this with full remembrance of the fact that the Planters' Hotel has known Col. Moses Corydon Wetmore and the great, the gorgeous and the grammatical Mr. Weaver. Col. Landrum has even evoked the generous, the magnanimous appreciation of that unique not to say semi-antique exquisite Mr. George Loker, who in his day was quite irresistible with the dears of our town. Mr. W. H. Thomson has paled the ineffectual fires of his red neck-tie before the blazonry of the conquering front of Landrum and those moustachios of gentle gray have had since the Landrum advent a droop that is eloquent of despondency if not of deep and dark despair. There is no rival near to Landrum. He is the "man without an equal and without a shadow" in his imperial supremacy of beauship. Col. Landrum has landed in society with both feet and the society editresses have been eager in their recognition of him and enthusiastic in their celebration of the details of his attentiveness to the maids and matrons. He has reached the apex

and civil distinction at one bound, as it were. There is no record in the long history of the town of any such immediate male social triumph, and he has brought of society, the bright, the fair, the sweet, the good to rendezvous at his hostelry until you can almost bet that any feminine society person who amounts to anything can be found at the Planters, around the noon hour. That the Colonel's society stunt is good for his business is not essential to any consideration of his success. The Planters is a great and famous *coravasera*, and the Colonel is a picturesque and even a profound Kentuckian, with a profundity plummeting the depths of wisdom as to the merits of a horse or the blending of a mixed drink, so that the flavors of the ingredients melt and fade into one another with the seductive harmony of the colors of a sunset or the tones and rhythms of a musical symphony. We welcome the Colonel among us. He comes at the psychological moment with all the soothing balm of the South upon a bank of violets. He rests upon our fevered vision like moonlight upon classic marble or still, wan water. He is even in his everyday clothes, "a dream of form in days of thought," the incarnation of the speed of the courser, the scent of mint patches, the amethystine amber of the essence of the golden corn in the topaz tinted crystal, the far faint but fine melody of remembered fiddle strains or vanished nights beneath the moon, what time a plaintive darkey voice intones the aching wistfulness of a Foster song like, "Nellie was a Lady." We needed such a man to come and redeem us from the pitiful practicalities of life. We yearned for a male hierophant of the gentler graces of life. Our yearning is not stilled, for it grows by what it feeds upon, and if there were one thing we would still ask of kindly and propitious Heaven it would be, "Give us more Landrum in ours!" We hail him as manna in a desert of arid mannerlessness. *Vive, Landrum!*

♦ ♦

THE one thing I don't understand about the Milk Trust is how such a gentle and kindly man as good old Charless Cabanne can be identified with such a scheme of ravening rapacity. The Milk Trust is an atrocious squeeze of the community, and utterly indefensible in economics. Soon in the restaurants we shall be charged 10 cents extra for a thimble of cream with a cup of coffee, as in New York City.

♦ ♦

NO CHARITY of this town should appeal more powerfully to the sympathies than the St. Louis Skin and Cancer Hospital. The awful ravages of cancer in a town of this size are scarcely imaginable. The hopelessness, the helplessness of the cancer-stricken poor is so great as to wring the heart on even the most casual reflection. Therefore I hope that those of my readers who can will aid the great bridge party for the free hospital above named, at the Woman's Club next Friday afternoon. The bridge party should be a great gathering, and its proceeds should show that our fashionables can give thanks for their own good fortune in generous remembrance of those upon whom there falls the dead shadow of painful, incurable disease.

♦ ♦

*Depoliticking the Police*

METHINKS that we may possibly have shortly to witness the reappearance in local politics of one Dr. Frank J. Lutz. He might be picked to succeed one of the anti-Folk Police Commissioners. Dr. Lutz is a scholar, a splendid surgeon, and as a politician there is not one can pull the wool over his eyes. Some one who can't be hoodwinked is needed, for the police department under Kiely is organized in the in-

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terest of the gambling graft that dictated its policy when the CAT's attorney was President of the Board. The police are against Folk and everything Folk stands for. "Civil service" is used to shut out all but the men who favored the grafted for Folk's place. President Stewart sticks to the records, but the records are doctored from below, and come up to the Chief, fixed. The Chief can't get at the fixing so long as President Stewart, in concentration on the civil service letter of the rules fails to see that the spirit of civil service and its purpose are defeated. Folk men on the police force are more inimically regarded than if they were criminals. They have to lay low lest they be jobbed and ousted under Folk's administration. The force is "fixed" against Folk, and no man like President Stewart can "unfix" it. His turn of mind is such that he's always looking in the rules, while the other fellows are putting things over on him. The sergeants, lieutenants and captains, all anti-Folk, are pushing the friends of Folk's foes, while Folk's friends are being kept down, discredited, dismissed. We don't want the police force turned into a Folk machine, but it is necessary to the ends of good government that it be no longer a machine controlled by those who fought Folk in the interest of the gamblers and the "rake off" from the panel workers. The MIRROR doesn't want to favor the possible candidacy of Dr. Lutz, or even the candidacy of that gallant and shrewd and scrappy and forthright and upright statesman, Maj. John Barry O'Meara, but it does insist that in order to get the police force out of politics and rake-off politics out of the department, politicians who know the ropes must be put at its head, and empirical commissioners, however honest and well intentioned, but ignorant of the fact that the captains are still in telephonic touch with the opponents of Folk, must be relegated to the background.

❖❖

THIS State is to the front even in the reports of the booksellers. Eugene P. Lyle's novel, "The Missourian," is one of the "best sellers." It is a modern historical romance and it typically represents the native of this commonwealth as nobly actuated by a passion to show them and to be shown.

❖❖

IF the taxes in this city were levied on the big fellows as near to the valuation of their holdings as it is upon the men who have from \$3,000 to \$20,000 in possessions there would be no need for a bond issue of \$10,000,000. A bond issue is simply a taxing of the public to make up the deficiency caused by the tax-dodging of the plutocrats.

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### *Niedringhaus' Resentment*

NEAR-SENATOR NIEDRINGHAUS hasn't been in a hurry to light up the Warner banquets with his rubicund countenance, and he is being much criticised because of his hebetudinosity in prandiality—so to speak. But the near-Senator should not be blamed. He was choused out of the Senatorship by a squeal from the most corrupt and ignorant politician in any party in Missouri for a bit of political maneuvering which compared with the record of the man who sprung it shows like the bright whiteness of an angel against the noisome blackness of the smoke from Hell. Of course Senator Warner wasn't to blame, but the fact is that the Kerensites seem to be appropriating Warner to themselves and shutting out the friends of Niedringhaus. Niedringhaus is right in not wishing to be a captive at the tail of Warner's chariot when Kerens is seemingly driving the vehicle. Niedringhaus is entitled to recognition at the White House, even as against Warner. He turned the trick

for his party in Missouri. The evident attempt to freeze him out, or, at least, make him come in as a secondary personage to those who broke party pledges of honor, is enough to make Mr. Niedringhaus resentful. If Warner's triumph is to dump the men who did the work, if Niedringhaus is to be dumped and Akins shelved, then the Republicans can't hope to hold the rank-and-file in Missouri. Kerens is claiming Warner is his man. All Kerens' friends claim it. Kerens bolted the Senatorial caucus he pledged himself to abide by. If his bolt lands him a winner—will Missouri go Democratic? Only by about 75,000.

❖❖

PRESENT indications are that nobody will try to defeat Attorney General Hadley for the nomination for Governor by the Republican party. When he has put out the Standard Oil Company as he has helped put out the race tracks, and follows it up with a bursting up of joint ownership of the parallel Missouri Pacific and Wabash roads, there'll be no trust buster in the running with him. This tip is to be pasted in the hats of all politicians.

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### *Look Out!*

WHAT a hole some one at the City Hall will be in when the citizens defeat the bond issue! There are signs that the administration has been discounting the future, drawing for to-day on revenues that are for use to-morrow, and reckoning on the passage of the bond issue to make up the drafts drawn ahead. If the bond issue fails, there'll be a big collapse in city finances, and a tremendous increase in taxes in the near future to catch up with the overdrafts. Money has been spent at the City Hall with reckless lavishness in anticipation of realizing on the bonds. The bonds will fail to pass, and then—some reputations will be ruined. This desperate situation it is which may force some people to put up enough money to stuff through the bond amendments to the Charter.

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THE Flower Show should be as great a success as the Horse Show. *Tout* St. Louis should put in appearance at Westminster Hall the last three days of this week. The beauty of flowers, their association with the most graceful and tender sentiments and memories of life should appeal to all who even faintly suspect themselves of the possession of good taste.

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## Citizens' Alliance Intimidation

By W. M. R.

**N**EXT week there will be held here a national convention of the Citizens' Industrial Alliance. It will be a big affair. This organization is an employers' union designed to fight the labor unions. As such it is of great social and economic import.

The Alliance proposes fighting the unions *outside the law*. This is bad. The Alliance plumes itself on being possessed of more intelligence than the union, and as being more law-abiding. But this is only a pretense. The Alliance in fact purposes meeting the boycott with the boycott. It insists the boycott is lawless. Therefore, it seems to assert that two wrongs make a right. No one can fairly say that there is anything wrong in the Alliance helping out its members who may be involved in trouble with labor unions. But there is grave reason to object to the Alliance's methods of warfare, when it proceeds to threaten indirectly those merchants and manufacturers who may not care to hold out against the demands of union labor.

If, in the printers' strike, the Alliance has threat-

ened to use its influence to have business taken away from certain printing houses that acceded to the demands of the union printers for an eight-hour day, then the Alliance is doing something that is in the nature of terrorization. If the Alliance, in its way, through proffering assistance to employers anticipating trouble with union workmen, induces employers to resist reasonable demands which would be agreed to without question but for the promise of backing in a fight, then the Alliance is only an organization to create unnecessary trouble. The Alliance, in this view of its activities, is a breeder of disorder, not less to be reprehended than the walking delegate who is supposed to do nothing but roam around town looking with eagle eye for occasions and excuses upon which to order strikes. This Citizens' Alliance would appear to be equally as intolerant as the most rampant union laborite, and most of all it wants to take the law into its own hands just as it says the labor union does. Mr. Parry, its chief hot-gospeller, is more rabid than any generally recognized labor leader.

The employer has the same right to combine as the employee, but he has no right to coerce the employer who doesn't do as the Alliance says. The Alliance has no right to slug a house that gives in to the unions, any more than unionists have a right to slug workmen who will go to work in places vacated by unionists on strike. The Alliance rejects the principle of arbitration of labor and wage disputes no less contemptuously than the most unwise labor leaders. It declares for a warfare with unionism on its own hook, without the law, and therefore puts law at defiance and to an extent justifies the reasons for those very acts of lawlessness which have heretofore been most severely condemned by those who object to the union's setting up in verity an *imperium in imperio*. The Citizens' Alliance tends to set up a power, aside from the constituted powers of the State, to force employers into the alliance, even as the unions try to force men to join or submit the union. The unions have little protection from the law when they become lawless in antagonism to their opponents. The employer, as a rule, gets a fair share of protection from the police authorities. The Alliance endeavors to impose upon the employer of labor an anti-union tyranny as damnable as any union tyranny ever conceived.

What is to become of the employer who is to be punished by the unions if he won't recognize the unions, and by the Citizens' Alliance if he doesn't cast in his fortunes with the Alliance? He is likely to be crushed between two tyrannies. If I have a strike on my hands and the Citizens' Alliance helps me out to the extent of seeing that my contracts are filled until the strike has been defeated that is a fairly reasonable proposition of mutual help. But if I accede to the demands of a union and the other men in my business do not and then the Citizens' Alliance starts in to see that I do not get any contracts to fill; if it declares that I shall lose such business as it can divert from me, simply because I have given to my employes what they ought to have or what I can't well refuse, that is a form of coercion, intimidation, boycotting, picketing and "reception by the entertainment committee" fully as bad as any that can be applied to me by any band of strikers that ever was gotten together. If the Citizens' Alliance tries to stop my advertising patronage because I approve of a certain brand of economic or social reform, or because I say that this or that particular strike ought to win, I fail to see wherein its action is any more decent and lawful than would be the course of strikers in slugging the newsboys who sell my paper on the streets, tearing up the papers on news stands or blowing up my office with dynamite. The Citizens' Alliance is as lawless as any union when it acts so or when its organs advise such action.

If the Citizens' Alliance wants to fight the unions it should do so under forms of law. It has redress

in the courts. It says the courts are terrorized by the labor vote. On the other hand, the unions assert the courts are controlled by corporations. Both these statements cannot be sweepingly true. There is law plenty of it, to prevent lawlessness. But lawlessness of Labor Unions can never be prevented by lawlessness by the Citizens' Alliance. The Alliance with its membership of superior intelligence should see this point. It should see that the way to maintain order is to appeal to the authority that preserves order. It should know that the way to effect a *peaceful* settlement of strikes is to frame a law that will enforce arbitration of differences between the buyers and the sellers of labor. When it attempts the boycott or the bulldozing method it supports anarchy. It has no right to make labor troubles bitterer and more disorderly and to impose upon the third party to the difficulty—the innocent public.

The National Convention of the Citizens' Alliance would act wisely if it would repudiate that part of its programme which in practice tends to intensify the differences between Capital and Labor. Its theory is good only as far as it is defensive. Its practice is bad, since it makes for aggression not only against Union Labor but against employers who do not surrender their business to the dictation of the Alliance. What is wanted is a square deal between the Alliance and the unions, not only for them and their memberships, but for the public outside of both pacts and sects—no bulldozing of the individual from either side. Union Labor may be forgiven much of its excesses when we consider how the execution of the laws favor capitalistic lawlessness, but the Citizens' Alliance sins in full knowledge when it adopts its boycotting coercing plan with set purpose of effecting a cure by making a bad situation worse. The law is the cure for labor disturbances and it should be the cure for differences between employer and employee. It can be made so if the intelligence of the Citizens' Alliance be directed to upholding the law rather than to the organization of warfare in the industrial world which sets aside all consideration of law.

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## The Sayings of the Saviour

By W. M. R.

"**T**HE SAYINGS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST," is the title of a book by J. W. Mackail recently sent me by that unique explorer of the semi-secret lands of letters, Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Me. It contains nothing but the words of the Saviour as they are given in the Gospels—not a line of comment from the writers of the Gospels. It is the Saviour's doctrine without a trace, however faint, of accretion from any other source.

Thomas Jefferson, in 1803, compiled from the Evangelists such passages as he thought "would best present the ethical teachings of Jesus. This he did by cutting up several Bibles and pasting the clippings in a blank book in a certain order of time and subject, and he gave the text so cut out in Greek, Latin and French, as well as English. The manuscript belongs to the United States government, and a volume has been published by the government from that manuscript, distributed to a few favored friends of officials, and known generally as "The Jefferson Bible." An edition of the English text was issued in St. Louis in 1902 by the N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., St. Louis. This book of Jefferson's eschews all miracle in the Evangelists, but it contains much of what the Evangelists wrote of Christ. The total effect of the Jeffersonian gospel is curious, but not in any sense of a savor of quality different from the biblicalism of phrase with which we are all familiar. It makes a better narrative of Christ's life than a

summary or collation of the teachings of Christ. Still the two books must ever be associated together in the minds of amateurs of the literature of the Saviour and His Passion. "Jefferson's Bible," or as he called it, "The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth," is an interesting piece of intellectual play by a great teacher of the world, and indicates chiefly Jefferson's disbelief in the divinity of Christ. This compilation, or reverent collation by Mr. Mackail, known as a poet, as a biographer of William Morris, as a classicist incomparable for sympathy with his subjects, is far above and beyond the Jeffersonian crazy-quilt or patch-work performance in quality which I shall try to suggest, but with faint hope of succeeding. Jefferson's is a curious work. Mackail's is something more—it has vitality. It has caught some of its subject.

First, one is surprised at the bulk of the sayings. The book is of good size. Second, as they have been strung together in a sort of mosaic they seem to fall naturally into a consecutiveness, as of an ordered address or essay. Their simplicity of doctrine, viewed in relation to the vast amount of dogma which is now commonly recognized as Christianity, is calculated to impress one with the idea that Christ is lost in the mass of material heaped about Him by the exegetists, and that his preachings have suffered by exposition and interpretation. One can see in all these words of Christ nothing of that which has been built up into what has been well-called Churchianity. One marvels at the colossal machinery of religion that has been evolved out of these "sayings" which are so directly delivered from the Christ to His hearers, and which apparently were, and are, in no particular need of interpretation or of the interposition of intermediaries between the speaker and those addressed. There are "dark" passages, to be sure, things cryptic and dim, and not of evident particular application, but even in that cloudy quality they are not less intelligible than the explanations which the theologians have made of the words. What Christ has said calls for no thing more than the willingness of men to hear it and obey it. It is but the expansion of the sentence, "Love one another." The words stand out, even apart from the Biblical context or setting, in a way that tells you they would have influenced the world even if they had been penned by him as were the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, and not imbedded in the lucubrations of the gospel writers about the Saviour's journey on earth.

Mr. Mackail, the translator of Virgil, a man of ripe and rare scholarship, has made his mosaic without violence to the narratives on which he has drawn. He has not drawn words together that were far apart in point of time, or in relation to the events or incidents that called them forth. What strikes one most is not the mysticism here and there, but the delicious common-senseness of the utterances. Merely as language, as arrangements in words, these sayings are wonderful for their clarity, their sufficiency, their finality and completeness of expression. The book is in no sense an argument for any particular view of the doctrine of Christ. All men can read it for what it is—no more.

Many in reading it will be seized of wonder and delight at the way in which the words themselves call up the scenes in which they were uttered, and all will feel a renewed sense of the potency of this teacher, whom men slew, in realizing how the Saviour's speech colors the fund of language. The words of Christ are upon all our lips and flowing from the ends of our pens to an extent unsuspected until one finds the phrases recurring in this discourse. Christ is inwoven in our locutions in a way that shows how deeply what his words mean has been impressed upon our minds. They are of the very substance of our thinking and feeling, one may say. They carry, as here presented by Mackail, the whole panorama of His life culminating in tragedy, in some such subtle way as may be approximately in-

timated by the conveyance of electricity and electric messages around, rather than on or in, the wires. To pursue the simile further, it is as if these words drew down for and upon us some of the personality of the Saviour, even as the wireless stations draw messages from the viewless, soundless air. Their sweet sanity, their gentleness, their quality of direct appeal to ourselves from a nature high and clear, removed from, yet in sympathy with us, is mysteriously sensed by the reader, and somehow the compiler has anticipated this effect in the conclusion of his beautifully placid preface. These words *do* bring to us "the vision and the voice." They *do* concrete for us shadowily, to deal in paradox, a presence, the magnetism, the influence of which is as undeniable as it is indefinable. Read them to yourself, or have them read to you, and the Son of Man arises before you as it has been fabled the evil powers do to the intonation of some occult incantation. 'Tis a book "in white samite—mystic, wonderful."

\*\*\*

## Look Into Your Own Heart

By W. M. R.

**O**NCE more let us remember not to overdo this thing of indignation against the men who are being publicly pilloried for various and sundry high crimes and misdemeanors in high finance, legislation, society and other fields of human endeavor.

The best Christian man I ever knew, a man of wide and deep culture, now long since gone to his reward, said something on this very point that it were well for all of us to bear in mind.

"My boy," said he, "don't bear down too hard on anybody who has been found out. Why? Well, just put this down on the tablets of your memory. No man who has reached the age of forty has come that far without having done something for which, if it were known, he should be in the penitentiary."

The rule is a good one—subject, of course, to the usual exceptions. It behooves each one of us to be quite sure that he doesn't come within the category of the exceptions.

\*\*\*

## In Woodland Ways

By Ernest McGaffey

**T**HE last steps of Summer having passed with the flying season, the figure of Autumn, bold-lipped, and with gold and scarlet woven in her tawny locks, stands virile on the hills. In these abrupt ravines and rounded valleys, on numberless sloping mounds and timbered ridges, the blazoned heraldry of October blent with the deeper lines of early November paints the country in gorgeous hues.

The sugar maples, the hard maples, are first in their fiery stress of autumnal color. They spring up along the edges of the hills, at the fringe of the hill-clefts, and their raiment is the blazing red of Babylonian kings. For miles the flame of their signal ascends in a column of transfigured leaves. Across wide spaces of fertile lowlands their light leaps up from hill-top to hill-top, as once the signal fires of the red men sprang up beyond the valley, and the purple haze that floats above might be the vanished smoke of the aborigine's message as it mounted upwards.

The scarlet stain of the sassafras vies with the ruddy tinges of the hard maples, and every leaf is like a flame-flower, fully opened and alive with vividness. Here and there each slender spire rises, a torch against the more sombre hues of oak and hickory, with a splendor and an individuality of their own. In

## THE MIRROR

the sassafras there is an intensity of color which presages early transformation as though this passion of change from green to scarlet was too violent to last long.

Those high priests of the woods, the stately sycamores, are clothed thickly with their bronze-green garments of broad leaf forms, and through these gleams the marble whiteness of classic shape and symmetry. No timber is so easily and unmistakably graceful as the sycamore. And when they attain great height, they seem to brood oracle-like in the far serenity of windless tops. Here might linger the shades of the departed Druids; here might whisper the faint echo of Aeolus, or from some hollow niche might sound the warning of the Sibyl herself, hid fast in enveloping shadow.

The soft maples with their golden, pale golden, lace-like foliage, rise rapt in silence, and under the clustering canopy of their leaves, the black trunks and ebon branches present a contrast as unique as beautiful. There is more than an autumnal sadness in the drifting down of these saffron leaves: Something suggestive of haunting lines of the dead bards. A sense of decaying beauty, a memory of other days, as though the senseless trunk itself mourned for its scattered yellow tresses.

*"Dust and ashes, so you creak it, and I want the heart to scold;  
Dear, dead women; with such hair, too; what's become of all the gold,  
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly, and grown old."*

In some of the densest woods the burr-oak saplings burn like camp-fires, with a steady glow that rivals the hard maple and the sassafras, and holds in its ruddy pigment a lasting touch as of gradual growth and permanent tinges. By their sides may uprear the green of as yet unconquered pin-oaks, and further in still shows out the wasted gray of cottonwood, the seared yellow of the ash-trees, the crisp-burned motley of the elms.

On the slopes the hickories, with their wide yellow leaves touched with black and tawn, send down from time to time a splotch of gold that fades and darkens in the dews and sunlight. They are among the most picturesque of all the forest shapes, and hold their colors most tenaciously, and dole their leaves down most grudgingly. Their shaggy bark shows brown and armored among the smooth trunks of the surrounding timber, and under the leaves the white, sharp-pointed hickory nuts are hidden.

The oaks, the white oak and the red oak, with their bronze-red foliage, burnished to a hard and glossy surface, stand sentinel-like above the lesser trees, the glory of their colors firing the hills when the less hardy foliage of maple and sassafras has littered the slopes with gold and scarlet tribute. In this tapestry of russet and terra-cotta the winds write poems of color and motion, and the days weave light and shade among the branches. Last of all the oaks yield to the flying snows, and even when the forest is elsewhere stripped and bare, the oak will cling to some few vagrant shreds of its autumnal glories.

Here and there the corn-fields bide, the yellowing stalks showing trembling in the breezes. Where the corn has been cut and stacked into "shocks," it seems like the tents of the red men, peaked like their tepees and nestling in the valleys. Where it stands in the rows, as yet unhusked, it shows an alignment as true and upright as the serried lines of infantry before a charge.

Where the streams go sluggishly along the lowlands, the willows with their rusted narrow leaves have strewn the adjoining grass with a reddish-yellow carpet. Here the grass, once so intensely green in the July days, has turned to a dingy brown, or, on some far-off hill, shows purple in the sun's rays. The walnut trees, stripped of their green globules, have

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only a tattered cloak of leaves to hide their nakedness.

In the creek bottoms there are topaz-clear pools where the fallen leaves swim, and here the mink, the raccoon, the squirrel and the fox resort to quench their thirst. The moss has all gone from the blackened logs, and sometimes a belated mallard drake rises quacking from these pools when the step of the wayfarer or the hunter breaks on the silence. Grape-vines, blackened by wind, sun and rain trail idly along the trunks of the slowly changing trees, and occasionally the brush of a fox-squirrel flauts along a limb. Blue-jays scold and chat in the brush; and skirmishing hawks sail over from time to time.

All day long the crows fly into and over the woods, and if opportunity offers, chase some blundering owl from point to point in the timber. All day long the shadows slit and waver, and the herald of coming winter has here and there set his warning seal.

Yet in odd moments, there will come a burst of mellowing sunshine a wave of warmth that searches through the timber paths and, haply, lights on some lone violet, stranded from the summer, bravely holding out against those grim foes, frost and chill, so late, so sweet in its hopeful uplifting. And even with this ominous sense of approaching change, this tang of Boreas almost in the air, drifts this message:

*"Stay! there's a gleam of winter wheat  
Far on the hill; down in the woods  
A very heaven of stillness broods;  
And through the mellow sun's noon heat  
Lo! tender pulses round thee beat.  
O! late and sweet."*

♦ ♦ ♦

## Kindly Caricatures

(25) Alfred Ernst

MUSICALLY, St. Louis is not yet arrived at itself. There was truth in Mrs. Blair's wild shriek of protest against rag-time. Our wealthy people are not yet developed to that stage in which they are able to see the sanity of investing money in vibrated air—hot or cold. But there are a few people here who are developed enough to pretend to like music and can patronize

it without listening to it, and they proceed to sacrifice themselves with a heroism that would be pathetic if it were not ridiculous. These people must have a musical idol. Real music lovers center their affections upon the art and not upon its practitioners. Of those who love music there are some, and of those who love to be known as loving music there are many who think that there is no priest and prophet of Euterpe in this town to be compared with Alfred Ernst.

He comes well accredited to the melomaniacs; he was made in Germany. Ten years ago he appeared here with the eclat of a delicious dialect, hair that indicated a divine lack of harmony between its individual capillary components. He was attractive because he was so brusque. He was put in charge of the Choral Symphony Society in place of Joseph Otten, who was a great technical, scientific musician, but somehow infatuated with an ancient conception of music as almost necessarily religious. Otten knew music as an anatomist knows the body—and that was all, it was said. Ernst looked like a man who would get mad and tear the soul out of music, and shed and shred it on the air, shuddering at the savagery of his passion for the secret. Two or three years ago when Mr. E. R. Kroeger resigned the leadership of the Morning Choral Club, Mr. Ernst succeeded him and has since conducted both societies. His two positions, therefore, account for the fact that he is the most conspicuous figure in local music circles, and he has personality to burn as well. He fills the positions, doesn't rattle around in them. At times he overflows them, bursts them, blows the lid off. There is no complaint that he lacks individuality. He has so much of it that other individualities in its neighborhood take to the woods when his limbers up and goes into action. In so far as it can be said of anything so mercurial, explosive, eccentric, Mr. Ernst may be regarded as a fixture in both societies, but he is a most moving and movable fixture. He is more of an individual than a musician. His artistic deficiencies, however, assert themselves with an intolerable pride as virtues and batter into numbness many minds which cannot maintain their own best judgment against violence of assertion of what they cannot sympathize with. He alone makes foolish the jest that the societies over which he presides are Chlóral societies. There's nothing soporific or anaesthetic about Ernst, unless it be that his in-

tensity of attack puts to sleep all opposition, as Mr. Battling Nelson put the kibosh upon Mr. Jimmy Britt.

Which brings us to the great fact that Ernst is that curious and queer combination—musician and sport. He prefers the billiard cue to the director's baton or the bow. He is a master of the masse shot, the innumerable cushion carom, the administration of the English to the ball, the delicacy of the draw and the carefully calculated kiss. He would rather play billiards than listen to—much less conduct—a Beethoven symphony. While other conductors pass nights and days in lucubratory unravelings of complicated orchestral entanglements of sound, he is devoted to the physio-geometrics of the green baize tables. He walks more miles around the billiard tables than the policeman on the beat who wears six stripes on his sleeve has walked in all the years of his service—five to a stripe. Mr. Ernst forgets music for the greater part of his life. He takes it up with his baton at rehearsal or performance, and drops it—doesn't lay it carefully and reverently aside—as soon as he quits describing strange cabalistic diagrams in the air with the stick. He is more of a magician with the cue than with the stick. The former is to him a wand of enchantment, making the ivory spheres weave delights for him, and yield him subtle sensations of mastery which never come to him, apparently, from the pencilings upon the air with his baton even though in theory the hearts and souls of singers and players should sing or soar or swing or swim or sweep or slumber or sob or shriek or sin at the mystic signs. He is matter-of-fact in his art. It is a tradition that once in the midst of an orchestral rehearsal he stopped to cut the leaves of the score of a new symphony. He wouldn't stop a shot in a game of billiards to see the fire engines go by.

That Ernst is not a profound or intellectual musician is indisputable. All the other musicians assert that—about any musician. He asserts it about all the other musicians. Such is the great "law of compensation." But he is "immensely talented." Of course he is. That's what they—the others—always say of the one. It's like the "but" which drops in with such deadly effect after "he's a good fellow." It's like saying of a girl that "she's good hearted." O subtlety of knock! Yet it may be true. It is true of Ernst. The fact is that he is a tremendous egotist, and he depends upon his gifts rather than upon study to point the way to an interpretation of an unfamiliar work. In short, he is inclined to trust to his luck. Fortunately if, now and then, his luck fails him, there are few who know it, and a good front of sureness is nine-tenths of the battle for him.

Ultra-modern, of the impressionist school is Ernst. His directing is entirely subjective—how gnostic that sounds! Every composition that comes to his hand is colored by the Ernst temperament. Marvelous! Just how could it be otherwise, you ask. I don't know. Neither do I know how music can be other than impressionistic, nor how a man is going to escape modernity in the manipulation of a medium of expression in a modern time. Still Ernst is all those things—and the police, as usual, are not to be found when they're wanted. Dreadful! This *monstrem horrendum*, this Polyphemus of music is given to violent likes and dislikes of compositions. He dotes on "Tristan and Isolde," but he detests "The Messiah." He really doesn't care for "Dearie," but he has been heard to hum, "Everybody Works But Father." This thing of having violent likes and dislikes is something that should be stopped—it's vulgar. The idea that one should like or dislike a piece of music as he may like or dislike corned-beef-and-cabbage or hasenpfeffer is ridiculous. Our hero—for it is indeed he—is not in sympathy with the classics. Beethoven is to him a sealed book. Handel and the Handelian school of oratorio he abhors. Vog-

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ner—Strauss—the moderns! To Ernst they are "the goods," sweet as "a cluster of samphire from the gardens of Engedi."

He has "the artistic temperament." The people who haven't got it call the artistic temperament bad manners, or bad morals. We have seen that Ernst plays billiards. He gets mad. When he does he swears at the men of the orchestra, and at the women of the chorus. Horrible! But the swear words get results, and on the dead level, between all of us, up here in the attic, doesn't a woman rather like a man who'll swear at her? A good outburst of swear words clears the atmosphere. Very good women swear.

As for bad manners—genuine manners are rarely bad. A fellow who won't get mad isn't interested in his work—you can bet on it. So if that's the "artistic temperament" that we hear so much condemned we vote for it on every ballot. Mr. Ernst has been declared to be "almost impossible socially." Well, why should the socially elect pine over that fact. Have they not Ilgenfritz and—Robyn! The Social Impressionists! People talk of 'em as if they were *Les Misérables*. Yet the socially impossible Ernst is a good fellow in congenial company, and the women he works with rather mother him, like a spoiled child. The hedonistic Ernst! We are onto him. Nothing



ALFRED ERNST

*Kindly Caricatures No. 25.*

to make you a ladies' pet like being socially impossible, having natural manners, being wicked—like a billiard player—and all that sort of thing. Behold Herr Ernst—the man who is onto his job. His job is to stand well with the ladies—and so, off with the veneer, away with the little conventionalities of

ordinary men, respect them—the ladies—enough to recognize that they're not to be flattered in any way so successfully as by not being afraid to be your real self before them. "Even Johnson had his Thrale." Wise to the works is Ernst. He plays up his personality strong.

Ernst, therefore, I conclude, is really a genius and, being so, is not above a little harmless charlatany. I suspect him—and revere him for it—of a little contempt for his job in his off time. That's wholesome. It saves one from a great deal of foolishness of self-flattery.

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Who's first at church as portal guard?  
Who stands inside to take your card?  
Who'll let you pass if you wink hard?  
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Who keeps the ushers' heads on straight?  
Who calms the groom when bride is late?  
Who smiles when angry guests berate?  
Jim Cole.

Who hands us box of stale fruit cake?  
Who spots all "fizz" the waiters take?  
Who runs the show without a break?  
Jim Cole.

Who knows the name and family tree?  
Of every man Jack—yes, sirree—  
Who claims to be in society?  
Jim Cole.

Who's been grand marshal thirty years  
For all the big bugs' parties—hear  
What I say—who's OUR Harry Lehr?  
Jim Cole.

Who'll hold St. Peters' big rush light  
When we arrive by day or night?  
Who'll whisper softly, "He's all right?"  
Jim Cole.

**F**ROM all points of view, the season is going to be full of fun, and if, by the beginning of Lent we haven't all worn callous spots on our—er—pink toes, it won't be from lack of enough balls to do it. Father positively refuses to double my allowance as I told him on Sunday he'd just got to do, and I'm already awfully in debt for two new ball gowns that I just had to have—May Filley's ball is right after Thanksgiving, and Emma Drew's a day or two after that, and honest to goodness, Jane, I don't ever see how I'm going to get enough tulle and chiffon to last, for the girls never dressed so extravagantly as this year, and one just must have a new gown for every dance. Do hunt up some chic Parisian ideas on working over an old dress or changing the trimming or something like that and I'll bless you forever.

Emma Updike's wedding to young La Beaume was the only big nuptial event on the docket last week, my dear. I went of course, for everybody was asked to the church, though nobody except the bridal party got in on the feed at the Ben Adams house—Mrs. Ben is Emma's sister, you know. Splendid way to economize, my dear,—this inviting everybody to see the ceremony, and only the bridesmaids and ushers and chief mourners to the house. Then you can have a much nicer trousseau and Pop will just think you're saving him loads of money, when you ain't at all. But Emma's wedding—it was conducted along lines of strict propriety. Trust Whit Updike for that. I never in all my born days Jane, did see such a ram-rod-down-the-back-of-his-neck chap as Whit. He's too stuck up for expression and he just made everybody walk a bee-line—except a whole lot of women that he tried to steer down a side aisle when they had made up their minds to sit in the middle—and you can guess what happened then—they just sat where they darned pleased, and Whit's face wore such a pained expression after he had argued with 'em for five minutes. Women at weddings, my dear,—there's a whole lot that might be said along that line when one has plenty of time

Emma was a very pretty bride and I guess young Louis was pretty good and glad to get her at last—she has given some other men cause for deep lines of thought. I saw Ed Walsh in the back of the church with Julia Maffitt. Ed used to be awfully devoted, but don't believe they were ever engaged, but Doc Williamson wasn't anywhere in evidence.

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The whole Ferris—Little—Simmons family came in bunches—they seemed to think it was Margery's wedding more'n anybody else's—and they went down the aisle to front seats with much—er—*empressment*—that's the right word, ain't it, Jane? And anyhow, they were justified, for I never saw Margery look so well. In everyday clothes she isn't one-two-seven, but in a smooth white gown with big white hat loaded with feathers and the whopping big bunch of red roses the bridesmaids carried, she was a stunner and no mistake—knew how to carry herself and wasn't a bit scared and altogether was a great credit to her family. That dapper Van Brunt who's hair isn't so numerous as to cause comment—do you remember the funny little patch of dark brown fuzz right on the top—an oasis in a perfect Sahara of baldness—was one of the ushers—he is said to be terribly devoted to Salees Kennard; but then, goodness! a whole lot of men are that—Salees is so rich and so nice—one of those Hollands has had his eye on her for years—but that's all the good it does him—and Charlie O'Fallon—the onlucky—would give his eye teeth and there are a few others—but Salees knows a thing or two—she will never give up a soft snap as Uncle Sam's favorite chee-ild for a terrible uncertainty—as some impecunious bachelor's choice—not that Charlie is it, you know, for he owns no end of lands and farms and town property but she just has too darned good a time to marry anybody, now, that's so.

Tell you who I saw at the wedding—the youngest Hayes girl who is out this winter—Florence—and, honey, she is a perfect beaut. Lots prettier than Marie ever was—Mrs. Sturges that now is—and with a kind of dark gypsy fascination that is going to play hob with all the choice masculinity that we have in stock. I really think she is the beauty of the debutante crowd, but I've not seen Hermine Gratz nor Sarah Chambers either, since they got back from Europe.

May Filley is little and well-groomed and will have a splendid start, as the John Dwight Filleys are going to throw themselves in her launching, but she isn't a tearing bunch of loveliness, just a nice little girl with pretty clothes and a pleasant smile. But, say, ducky, Martha Scudder has got the mun. My conscience, Jane, she is Samuel Cupples' granddaughter, and maybe that doesn't mean something. To say nothing of being related to Walter Cerre Taylor. She will probably get the biggest bunch of balls and things given for her, of any of the buds, and as her mother, who is Amelia Cupples Scudder laid off her mourning last winter and began to go about with that faithful soul, Bud Dozier, who is always handy and perfectly behaved, I can see much that is festive looming in the vicinity of the huge house on West Pine, this winter. Martha isn't pretty, but she is a sweet child with nice ways and she will be always well turned out and try to please. Which is more than you can say for some of the spoiled marvels of loveliness, eh, Janet?

The Dave O'Neills were at the wedding—Barbara Blackman that was, you know—another visit from the stork about the early springtime, tra la, Jane, which will be the second. Harriet Fowler is home—saw her on the street—wish she'd stop putting on so many fussy kinds of clothes—she's so tall and big and well-set-up that frills and lots of lace ruffles and doings like that look cheap on her—plain straight lines, as my tailor says, Jane, they're what Harriet ought to tie to—and she just will go in for all kinds of daddies. The same chap that was so smitten with Harriet before she went to Europe, is trying to get in a few wise hints again—saw them together at the theater, and my, don't he put on the proprietorship airs, though? I hear he is connected with some newspaper, but I don't know his name—and that reminds me—young Sterling Edmunds is coming it pretty strong where another handsome heiress is concerned—Eugenia Howard. He rushed her hard be-

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Dresden China Buttons, round or oval, miniature handpainted flowers, etc., with gilded rims which show the flowers to advantage; at \$2.00, \$2.25, \$3.00 and \$4.00 dozen.		Oval Miniature, in dark background with Rhinestone edge; each .....	\$3.75
Hand-carved Ivory Buttons, with jewel settings on floral designs; each, \$1.75 and .....	\$2.00	Steel Buttons, two inches in diameter, suitable for cloaks and coats; at, each, \$2.00 and .....	\$2.50
Enameled Buttons with metal filigree work over colored surface. each .....	\$2.00	Gilt Buttons, with steel settings, in three sizes; at, per dozen, \$1.25, \$3.00 and .....	\$4.00
Pompadour Buttons, in oval and round with gilded rims; each, 85c, \$1.00 and .....	\$1.25	All colors in Enamel Buttons, in three sizes; at, per dozen	
Enameled metal in all leading colors, studded with steel points, in two sizes; per doz., \$1.25 and .....	\$3.50	65c to .....	\$3.50
Brilliant Rhinestone Buttons, set in shaded metal, in floral and other artistic designs; 65c, \$1.00 and \$1.65 each.		Small Trimming Buttons, in all colors; 25c, 35c and 50c per dozen.	
Beautiful light blue oval buttons, pearl and gold rims; at, each .....	\$1.50	Watch-Shaped Buttons, in fine hand-painted miniature, giving the artist's name; at, each .....	\$2.75
Large Pearl Buttons, white, with natural colored lines and flowers; at, each .....	65c	Large white and natural pearl Buttons, with raised gold trimmings, suitable for cloaks and wraps; at, each .....	\$1.35
Rhinestone, with Emerald, Garnet and Amethyst, unique in style; each .....		Large riveted cut Jet Buttons, dull and bright; at, each .....	\$1.25
		Rhinestone, with Emerald, Garnet and Amethyst, unique in style; each .....	\$4.50

*Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney*

Dry Goods Co.



## Removal Sale

2700 LOCUST STREET.

We will Occupy  
Our New Building



As soon as the alterations are completed. We do not want to Pay Moving Expenses on anything, therefore propose to

## Close Out Our Entire Stock This Week

IF PRICES WILL DO IT.

Our stock is the most complete and up to date and consists of

EVERYTHING IN PLEASURE VEHICLES FROM PONY TRAPS TO FOUR-IN-HAND BRAKES.

You are reasonably sure of pleasant weather up to the holidays; besides it will cost you next to nothing to carry a Vehicle and Harness over to next Spring, and we propose to make it pay you to do so.

Our Line of Business Wagons Comprises Everything in Storm Buggies, Open and Top Delivery Wagons, Stake Wagons, Etc. Harness for all styles of Vehicles. Horse Covers and Blankets, Winter Robes, Carriage Heaters, Etc. An opportunity you can not afford to miss.

GROLOCK VEHICLE COMPANY, 915-917 N. BROADWAY



## CHALLENGE VALUES IN SMARTEST DRESS FABRICS



ROM the very inception of this business we determined to have and to hold the dress goods and silk trade of St. Louis and vicinity. How well we have succeeded is known far and wide. This very success has attracted leading makers and importers and their very best offers quite naturally come to us first. The universal law of supply and demand is thus again exemplified and our patrons are the gainers.

**59c**

52-inch Black Mohair Sicilians in a splendid heavy quality for skirts and coats. These cloths are absolutely unmatchable anywhere under 75c. Special Challenge Price, yard,

**59c** **59c**

\$1.25 Cream Serge at 95c—Dependable 48-inch Cream Storm Serges in all wool. These are heavy \$1.25 grades. Challenge Price only, the yard..... 95c

46-inch Prunella Cloths for tailored suits. These imported goods come in every color and are very popular. Real value

\$1.25. Challenge Price, yard..... \$1

\$4 Broadcloths, \$3—56-inch sponged and shrunk Chiffon Broadcloths in black only. These are imported direct by The May Store. Real value \$4. Challenge

Price, yard ..... \$3

\$1.10 Serges only 89c—50-inch Colored Serges for street wear. These are woven expressly for street wear and are worth \$1.10 to-day. Challenge Price, yard .....

89c

Main Floor—the representative Dress Goods Store for St. Louis and the West.

44 inch Colored Batiste—the wanted cloths this season. These come in navy, gray, pink, rose, cardinal, green and black and are strictly all-wool. Real value 75c. Challenge Price, yard,

**59c**

45-inch Plain French Serge—A very fine twill goods which we import direct. Real \$1 values, yard .....

75c

\$1 Panamas at 75c—52-inch Black Panamas which will wear splendidly and not catch dust. Regular value \$1. Challenge Price, yard .....

75c

50c Organandies at 25c—Beautiful 27-inch Printed Silk Organandies for handsome evening dresses. These are best 50c qualities. Challenge Price, yard .....

25c

*The May Co.*

Washington Ave. and Sixth St.

fore she went to Japan last spring, and is at it again, for I've seen them together twice since she came home—and you know darling, that twice together in St. Louis must mean something, at least Mrs. Pantaleoni says so, and she ought to know, being always next to any little interesting gossip that floats around.

Mabel Tracey that was, Mrs. Richard Henry Wygant that is, is here for Clara Bain's wedding. She is to be a matron of honor and Marie Berthold, whose married name I can't remember—she lives in New York now—is to be the other. Mrs. Wygant was with the Delaneys at Emma's wedding. She wore more white plumes on her hat and more Irish point on her velvet cloak than mine eyes have beheld in a long, long time, Janey, dear. I could think of nothing so much as a Knight Templar on parade. Saw her that same week in a plain cloth outfit at the Woman's Club, and liked it much better—the other was sort of Western Arizona, don't you know. She is just as pretty as ever in a dainty refined sort of way, and was being made a great deal of, as she was a belle before marrying. That young banker Andrews, who pined

away after Marie Berthold married, was her devoted slave as well, I never hear of him any more—terribly sad, how love can blight some lives—two loves, one might say.

\*

Nellie Wickham, the one that isn't out, Frances' next younger sister, you know, came near being killed on Sunday morning, Jane. Just as she was going to church a whole side of a house fell on her and how in the wide world she ever escaped being laid out cold, I can't see, except just sheer luck. As it was her collar bone was split and two or three ribs broken and she is laid up for quite a spell, which is too bad, with all the buds' parties and things coming along. It's all right for a girl to get sick in her second season, for then she knows men enough to keep the rooms full of American beauties and *marrons glace*, but when one is a bud with all the stunts in anticipation, it is downright hard luck, and no mistake. But then when real society people go to church, Jane,—well, if some of our men went, the churches would blow up!

\*

Saw Dan Catlin and his bride the other afternoon, out in their auto. As she is in mourning, they are not going in society much. Kind of nice looking girl, but gee whiskers! Jane, why don't the girls get better looking as to togs than some of 'em wear? Mrs. Dan had on an old black hat, tied down over her ears with some kind of nondescript veil that had seen better days, and was bundled up in one of Dan's five-year-old overcoats in rusty brown cheviot—it fit her fine, I don't think—and you know how much good-natured Dan cares about dress, and upon my word, darling, they looked for all the world like the chauffeur and his 'arriet out while Master and Missus didn't know it. Irene is sure the only one in that family who knows how to dress, and she didn't learn until a year or two ago.

\*

The Women's Club gave its first jamboree last Saturday morning, with one of those Shakespeare stunts that are considered so suitable for young girls to hear, don't you know, and so uplifting and intellectual for their mamas. I went. Everybody goes, so why not? Besides, I wanted to see what the crowd had gotten for their fall clothes, and my expectations were fully met and passed, Jane. We

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Which characterizes the latest fashion creations can be easily attained with

### OUR M. B. SPECIAL DESIGNS IN NEW CORSETS

They give perfection in fit, comfort and style; they are the equal of Made-to-Order Corsets at the Ready-to-Wear Price.

#### All Styles in High or Low Busts

Let our thoroughly experienced fitters demonstrate the good points at our range of prices—

**\$1.00 to \$25.00**

**Barry's Corset Store**

675 Locust St., — opposite Barr's,

### LADIES

Do You Value Money?

Electrolysis  
Revolutionized.



Our 5 needle method will save you over 100 per cent. WE REMOVE 5 HAIRS PER MINUTE, 300 HAIRS PER HOUR. This class

of work can be had at my office only as we are the only people in the city using 5 needles.

We are saving our patients money, and doing FIVE TIMES MORE WORK PER HOUR than any other office in the city. The work is better and much more satisfactory.

Our patients insist upon having the five needle method. We use one needle on light cases or when requested.

Operators of other cities are adopting our five needle machines as fast as we can furnish them. ELECTROLYSIS IS INDEED REVOLUTIONIZED. It is no longer necessary to sit for hours and hours and pay out small fortunes to have superfluous hair removed.

WE do it quickly, permanently, and without pain or irritation. We guarantee satisfaction.

NO operator using only one needle can remove over 75 hairs per hour and do good work. We have tried it for 18 years.

THE same number of hairs we remove costing you \$10 would cost you \$25 elsewhere.

THIS IS NO NEW PRINCIPLE.

We only use more needles at the same time. My treatment is exactly the same as it has been for 18 years, except you get five times more work and better results for your money.

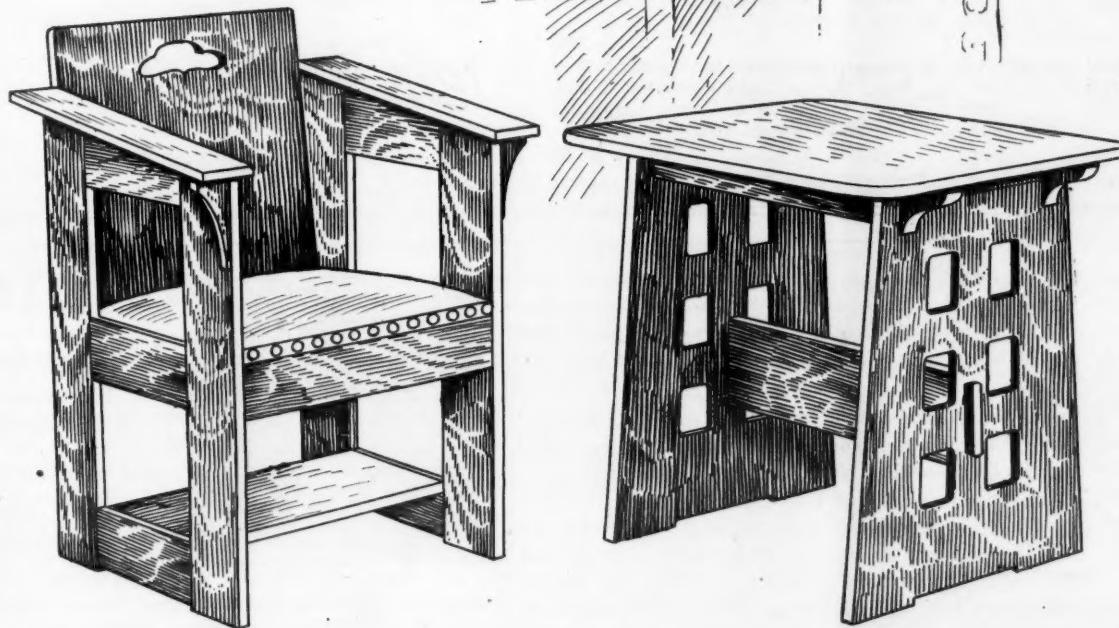
#### SPECIAL LINE OF WORK.

Hairs on ladies' faces, hands, arms, neck, bust, eyebrows, and forehead; MOLES, WARTS, and birthmarks; NO PAIN, NO SCARS. The hairs never return; this I always guarantee.

MISS S. N. HEROLD,  
4271 Olive St.

are in for a velvet season, and I saw loads of it. Bessie Elliott looked awfully fetching in a dark red velvet suit with one of those French hats in red. She has just come home from Europe, you know—yes, I remember you saw her in Paris,—and she will be another girl out this winter with lots done for her—the Elliotts have a terribly new house in Lenox Place and they are going to splurge, I hear.

**Scavitt-  
Comstock  
Furniture Co.**  
Broadway and Locust.



ALWAYS the first to show the best of new designs. On every floor something new and beautiful is to be seen. We invite inspection to the quality and assortment and to the range in prices. Many generations of St. Louisans have appreciated the reliability of our representations. Established 66 years.

One morsel of real scandal to-day, Jane, and of that I'm not so dead certain, for the lady may really be his young cousin or niece or something, because you wouldn't expect him to take a nice little typist to such a public place as Huyler's, now, would you? But anyway this is what I see every once a week or something as often—a very well-known railroad man, whose wife is awfully quiet and very devoted to clubs and has two children, and who doesn't care for the general run of society—and who is dark and quite handsome—the man I mean, and energetic in his walk and who sings in a melifluous baritone, though I've never heard him. Anyway, he takes a little bit of a blonde girl that I know I've seen somewhere, in a manicure shop or else at the ribbon counter or something, for her face is just as familiar as—as our Dave's or Pat Short's, or Leon Harrison's—he takes her into the sweetmeat store, way to the back, behind the side counter where nobody can see 'em, except rubbernecks like me, and feeds her chocolate and cakes, and then one day, when I up and followed 'em—wasn't it awful, Jane,—he marched her straight into Barr's and bought her three pairs of gloves and she tried them on right before him. Now I want to know how that comes about? And will it affect the price of eggs or the cranberry crop?

BLUE JAY.

## While Waiting for Harriet

A Play in One Act

By Kathleen Thompson

THE scene is Mrs. VAN PELT's delightfully appointed dressing-room. Heavy curtains hide the windows at the back. At the left the wall is lined with immense wardrobes. Some of these have their doors open, showing many-colored garments hanging inside. On the right a wide arch shows the bedroom beyond—the brass knobs and valence of the bed. In the dressing-room are two wide couches, one or two deep chairs, and a dressing-table littered with ivory, silver, and glass. There are rich, dark rugs on the floor, and couches and pillows scattered about, and a softened light spread everywhere, on chairs and couches. Half a dozen dinner-dresses of various colors are displayed to advantage. Mrs. VAN PELT discovered at the dressing-table, sitting sideways in the low-backed chair before it. She is a slender, superb-looking woman, in her early thirties. She wears an elaborately embroidered Chinese dressing-gown, beneath which shows the fluffy white of petticoats and well-shod feet. She is reading a note, which

she goes through twice with an absorbed smile. She finally finishes it, and tosses it into the drawer. Rises.

MRS. VAN PELT—Heigh! So we are to pick it up again where we dropped it, mon ami? [glancing about with conviction]. What an absolute idiot that girl is! I tell her that I don't know what to wear for dinner, and so she carefully lays out six or seven frocks! I don't think that Harriet has good sense—sometimes! Or perhaps this is a wordless rebuke on her part. I wonder if Harriet suspects why I want to look my best to-night. Horrible thought! She can't. And yet—But it would be wretched to have one's own maid getting suspicious... What nonsense! If Harriet ever thinks at all, which isn't likely, she'll see how natural it is for me to be especially particular—with mother and Bess just home to-day, after five years in Europe!... Who could ever guess that Alan Carristry's coming has anything to do with my magnificence! Dear old Alan! When I sent him away for six months I thought he would come home cured, but to-day's note tells a different story!... My faithful laddie!... I wonder what I shall wear?... He always liked me in white. I believe I—[She goes to the wardrobe, brings out a large box, kneels beside it, and lifts out the prettiest of her frocks—still tied with dressmakers' tape]. Yes, I'll

## ARTS AND CRAFTS HUNDREDS OF NEW IDEAS

We have the unequaled choice, combined with the extra quality and lowness of price. The beauty feature of art and modern handicraft combined.

### PIECES FOR EACH ROOM.

Our assortment in all lines is very large and well shown.  
Solid Mahogany Crafts Dining Suit, rich dull finish, \$310  
10 pieces .....

### High-Grade Brass Beds

and

### Imperial Rolled-Edge Mattresses.

Greatest Comfort Known.

### DESKS

and all new office conveniences.

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### Dressing Chest, \$35

For men and women. A new article. Extra convenient.

# Nugent's

## NEW SHOE DEPARTMENT

### In The New Annex—Basement

Women's, Misses' and Children's Stylish Footwear at Low Prices That Will Popularize This Department Immediately—For Example,

Ladies' Vici Kid Shoes in lace and Bluchers—patent leather tips, extension soles, dull kid tops and Cuban heels. These are very stylish Shoes and equal to any at \$2.50—size 2½ to 8—Nugents' price ..... \$2.00

Ladies' Bright Dongola Lace Shoes, with patent-leather tips, military heels and extension soles—shoes that are made for service—sizes 2½ to 8—Nugents' price ..... \$1.50

"Little Gents" Bright Dongola Hook-Lace Shoes, with kid and patent-leather tips and heavy extension soles—size 9 to 13. These Shoes are made to sell for \$1.35. Nugents' price ..... 98c

If your children have weak ankles and you wish to protect them, buy our "Weak Ankle Shoes"—the best in the world. Infants' sizes (2 to 5) \$1.10. child's sizes with spring heels (4 to 8) ..... \$1.35

## B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co.,

Broadway, Washington Ave.  
and St. Charles Street.

wear it. I was going to save it for the Bevis ball, but I'll wear it this once!

[A knock at the door.]

MRS. VAN PELT [still kneeling]—Who is it?  
[Enter BESS. Pretty, twenty, and exquisitely dressed.]

BESS—Jinny!—not dressed yet! And since when have you taken to creeping?

MRS. VAN PELT—I kneel to youth and beauty! And what a pretty child you are, Bess! Make yourself comfortable—and let's get acquainted.

[BESS sits on a couch. MRS. VAN PELT takes the chair at the dressing-table, and loosens her hair.]

MRS. VAN PELT—I'm trying to manage without Harriet! In a moment of madness I offered her services to mother!

BESS—It seems too absurd to see you and Peter, with your maids and butlers and housekeepers! Do you ever think of the little house in Berkeley where you did your own work, and where the twins simply groveled in the garden, instead of being socked and sashed and groomed within an inch of their lives!

MRS. VAN PELT—What a life! I believe the children would like to go back to it! Jane is a perfect little savage—the boys hate their school! I sometimes suspect even their father of a weakness for five o'clock dinner, with his wife in a cotton frock and the children struggling for the milk pitcher! He actually proposed that we leave the children with mother for a year, and run away, unheralded and unattended, to Europe. Now!—with the season just commencing.

BESS—And you won't go?

MRS. VAN PELT—I begged off. I said I would go in three months, when he must go, anyway. And, speaking of it—how did my little sister like Paris?

BESS—[sighing]—Oh, Paris was fine.

MRS. VAN PELT—Better than London?

BESS [wearily]—Ye-es. Parts of it—I think so.

MRS. VAN PELT [eying her]—But you liked Scotland?

BESS [wearily]—Ye-es. Parts of it—I think Mamma liked it all.

MRS. VAN PELT [after a pause]—What's the man's name, honey?

BESS [crimsoning rapidly]—Jinny! What man?

MRS. VAN PELT [busy with eyebrows]—The man my silly little Bess cares for!

BESS [bewildered]—Mother told you!... But mother didn't know!... How did you know?

MRS. VAN PELT—You told me, baby. Come on, now. And we will have it all straight directly. You met him—

BESS [very low]—In Switzerland.

MRS. VAN PELT—In Switzerland. And he turned up again in—

BESS [laughing uncomfortably]—Yes. In London. And then—then he came to the Montroses—and went with us to Norway—and—and [in a burst]—Jinny!—he did care! He never asked—he—never— But he did care!—And every one knew it—they teased me so!—and then—the last day we were in London—he had a letter, and he changed so—and he seemed so blue—and then we came away—he was to come the next steamer—and—and—Jinny! I'm so unhappy—and I just can't bear it—I can't bear it!

[She runs to MRS. VAN PELT, and buries her head in her lap. MRS. VAN PELT smiles irrepressibly, but speaks soothingly.]

MRS. VAN PELT—Of course you can't! And you needn't. Tell me this person's name, and I'll have it all done in no time! Some frocks—some *teie-a-tetes* in the library—!

[BESS raises her wet face, and, clinging to her sister, kisses her warmly. She goes back to her seat.]

BESS—Oh, Jinny—you're so dear! If only I were so stunning, and clever, and cool! Then I'd not be afraid of her!

MRS. VAN PELT—Of—her?

BESS—Yes. You see that's it. There's—another woman.

MRS. VAN PELT [with dancing eyes]—Oh, heavenly! This is really exciting! Who told you so? The man?

BESS—Alan! Heavens, no!

[MRS. VAN PELT lays down the hand-mirror and stares at Bess.]

MRS. VAN PELT [after a pause]—Alan! Of—of course Why didn't I—why didn't I think of that!

[She deliberately clears a space on the table, and puts her face in her hands.]

BESS [alarmed]—Jinny! Headache?

MRS. VAN PELT [laughing, wiping her eyes]—No. Further down!... And so it's Alan.

BESS [faintly]—Yes, Jinny.

MRS. VAN PELT—You knew he was to dine here to-night?

BESS [on her feet]—Here! Is he home?

MRS. VAN PELT—Oh, yes. He wrote me a note asking to come. Be quiet, Bess. Tell me who told you about the other woman?

BESS [breathing hard]—Oh, it was on the steamer, Jinny! There was a little Mrs. Parker there from San Francisco—

MRS. VAN PELT [nodding]—Nannie Parker—

BESS—And she knew Alan. And one day she and an odious Mrs. Deane were talking about him,

### The Gospel of Reform.

## Free Public Lectures

Until November 21st.

By JOHN Z. WHITE, on Single Tax, Official Corruption, Labor Problems and Public Ownership of Public Utilities.

Time and Place of Meetings and the Subjects to be Discussed Follow:

**November 9**—8:30 p. m., Valley Council, Royal Arcanum, Vandeventer and Finney; Subject: "The French Revolution of 1789."

**November 10**—8:30 p. m., Benton Council, Royal Arcanum, Odd Fellows' Building; Subject: "Public Ownership of Public Utilities."

**November 11**—Open.

**November 12**—8:30 p. m., Central Trades and Labor Union, Walhalla Hall, Tenth and Franklin; Subject: "How to Prevent Strikes." Same date, First Church Spiritual Unity, Odeon, Fifth floor; Subject: "Single Tax vs. Socialism."

**November 13**—8:30 p. m., Delmar Council, Royal Arcanum, Finney and Vandeventer avenue; Subject: "The French Revolution of 1789."

**November 14**—8:30 p. m., Retail Grocers' Association, Imperial Building, 10th and Pine streets; Subject: "Single Tax, etc."

**November 15**—8 p. m., Young Men's Hebrew Association, N. W. corner Taylor and Olive street; Subject: "Sources of Public Corruption."

**November 16-17**—Open.

**November 18**—8 p. m., Educational Alliance, Ninth and Carr streets; Subject: "Burns, Poet, Man, Reformer."

**November 19**—8 p. m., Society of Soul Culture, Henneman Hall, 3723 Olive street; Subject: "The Psychology of Economics."

**November 20**—Open.

**November 21**—8 p. m., joint meeting of Local Electrical Workers' Unions, Nos. 1, 2, 50, 59, 128, 309, 367, 462, at Lightstone's Hall, Eleventh and Franklin; Subject, "Initiative and Referendum."

No Admission Fee. Public Invited to Attend.

and they said that every one knew that he was passionately in love with a—with a married woman, Jinny! and that she had sent him away!

MRS. VAN PELT [unpleasantly]—Little Nannie Parker said that, eh? I think we shall have to make our ambitious little friend sorry for that speech!

BESS—And of course I wouldn't listen to it!—[with tremendous earnestness.] But, Jane, knowing Alan as you do—have you any idea of who the woman is?

MRS. VAN PELT—Oh, yes. I know her.



# Gas for Heating NO FUEL AS GOOD

**CONVENIENT—CLEAN—QUICK—COMFORT**

Take away the work and worry of starting a great fire,  
and use your fire-place to greater  
advantage by installing a handsome **GAS GRATE**

**PRICE, \$8.00**

*Payable \$3.00 time of order, balance \$1.00 monthly.  
Delivered and Installed Ready for Use FREE.*

**THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT COMPANY, LOCUST STREET.**

BESS [horrified]—Jane! I didn't think you would recognize people of that type! Mrs. Parker said she was frivolous and shallow, and that her husband was simply devoted!

MRS. VAN PELT—Nannie always was rash in her confidences.

BESS—Jane, is she good-looking?

MRS. VAN PELT—Attractive.

BESS [hopefully]—But common looking—

MRS. VAN PELT [looking in mirror]—Quite the contrary.

BESS—Jane, you don't like her?

MRS. VAN PELT [lightly]—Oh, come now! What has she done?

BESS [virtuously]—She is a flirt. And she's married.

MRS. VAN PELT [half to herself]—Oh, you youngsters! You don't know how funny you are! . . . Bess—that woman is as good as you are!

BESS—Jinny!—Don't.

MRS. VAN PELT—Every bit. But she has a busy and a tired husband—quiet, absorbed—away a great deal. And she has nothing to do—servants to button her gloves, even. And small blame to her if—when she meets a man—young—idle—handsome—a man who reads to her, plays to her—looks untold worship—quotes Browning and Patmore—if she finds herself interested and drawn to him!

BESS—Well, but—well, but—

MRS. VAN PELT—What about you? That's what I was coming to! Now Bess—here you will be all winter—in the same house with the man—for he lives here, you know—seeing him every day—why, if you can't have things all your own way, I'm ashamed of you!—woman or no woman! [Both rise. MR. VAN PELT puts her arms about BESS and kisses her.] So there you are! Now begin by going prettily down to the library—where I daresay Mr. Carristry is patiently waiting—and keep him happy until I'm ready! Don't bother your head about the dead past? [BESS runs out.]

BESS [at the door]—Jinny! I adore you!

MRS. VAN PELT [calling after her]—Oh, Bess—if you see Harriet— [She pauses in the middle of the floor, her hands pressed tight over her eyes. Laughs unsteadily. A noise in the bedroom.] Harriet!

[Enter MR. VAN PELT. He is stout, a little bald, gentle, tired, and evidently an absolute admirer of MRS. VAN PELT]—Oh, Peter! Come in, you poor, tired old man!

MR. VAN PELT [taking a chair]—Hello, Miss Jinny! MRS. VAN PELT [on the arm of his chair, her finger

tips on his forehead]—What's wrinkling us up tonight?

MR. VAN PELT [kissing the palm of her hand]—It's settled, old girl. I go Thursday. It rather breaks me up to leave you.

MRS. VAN PELT—Thursday! Why, this is Tuesday!

MR. VAN PELT—Right you are.

MRS. VAN PELT—Two days! And do you expect me to get ready in that time!

MR. VAN PELT—Eh—? [They face each other, laughing. He puts an arm about her.] You—couldn't Jinny?

MRS. VAN PELT—If you'll take a very shabby girl? And not go to the best places!—just an economical little honeymoon—we two—Peter?

MR. VAN PELT—You, girl!—D'ye mean it, Jinny?

MRS. VAN PELT—If you want me!

MR. VAN PELT—I wonder if anyone else ever did—as much!

MRS. VAN PELT [springing up, catching his hand]—Then fly! Consider it settled! Telephone for my drawing-room! Run—Peter—I'm late! [As he goes.] Oh, and Peter! first will you hunt up some one of the girls to dress me! I've been waiting here hours and hours for Harriet!

[Curtain.]

\* \* \*

## Chop-Logic

THE clever Dr. Ritchie of Edinburg met with his match while examining a student.

He said: "And you attended the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said: "An inside and an outside."

But this was nothing compared with what followed. The doctor said to the student: "And you attended the moral philosophy class, also?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

The doctor then sat down and proposed no more questions.

## "Mrs. Warren's Profession"

THIS is the plot of the Shaw play that has been suppressed in New York by Police Commissioner McAdoo and Anthony Comstock:

*Mrs. Warren*, a woman born of the slums, has preferred affluence as the manager of a syndicate operating "private hotels" from Brussels to Budapest to poisoning paralysis and death as an operative in a white lead factory, and when her daughter, educated in innocence, arrives at an age to ask leading questions she defends her "profession" with arguments which might have been, and perhaps were, derived from the socialistic and materialistic Herr Bebel.

Incidentally, the girl has fallen in love with one Frank Gardner, the worthless son of a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and is entreated in marriage by her mother's business partner, a played out roue of a Baronet who, it seems, enjoys eminent social respectability. It transpires that, in consequence of Frank's father's youthful oats, the lovers are half brother and sister, and so cannot marry—a fact which, as it seems, causes very little perturbation to anybody on any score.

Why, then, all the noise about the play? Why the decorous din? "It is not because one of the characters is a courtesan," says the Chicago *Public*; "Courtesan characters are common in fashionable dramatic productions and there is no din. It is not because her vile business is exploited in the play; that also is common and permissible in fashionable plays, and exploitation is absent from this play. It is not because of any prurient in Shaw's play, for, common as prurient is on the stage, it is not present here. The outcry against the Shaw play springs from no sensitiveness at making prostitution a subject for the dramatic stage. It is in truth a pharisaical protest against the awful indictment Shaw launches at the industrial causes and wealthy promoters of prostitution. Prostitution is a fact, a terrible fact, and Shaw recognizes it as such in his play. Had he done this artfully and stopped there, we should have heard no outcry. But he does not stop there. He points at the respectable groups who profit by prostitution, and at those who maintain industrial conditions under which great masses of girls in every generation must choose between *Mrs. Warren's profession*, and some such industrial servitude as had been preferred by her sister, who died horribly in her youth of lead poisoning contracted in a factory where she was overworked and underpaid. This is Shaw's sin. We are not saying that his play is a proper one for stage production. It may or may

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not be, as an abstract question of the dramatic proprieties; but on that question there is no present necessity for expressing judgment. What we do say is that this play is as legitimate as any other sex-problem play and infinitely cleaner than many that are welcomed and applauded by the very classes by whom this is condemned. The charge of lubricity is only an excuse, based upon prurient interpretations of Shaw's portrayal of vicious results; his real offense in the eyes of the pharisees, is his coincident portrayal of the industrial causes."

❖❖❖

### De Flagello Myrteo

65.

If ever gentle kiss unwelcome prove,  
'Tis kiss of Sleep, that steals Love's thought  
from Love.

66.

Though Love be chief among Divinities,  
Yet two must he petition, Sleep and Death.  
"Thy poppy with my myrtle-garland, Sleep,  
Twine not, nor thou thy cypress, Death, too soon!"

67.

Sleep, if thou wilt, with thy Love's picture or  
letter under thy pillow, but remember not to leave  
them there.

68.

Occasion ne'er comes soon enough for Love  
Till she is past; then, missed be she or used,  
Love ever wishes she were yet to come.

69. I offered Love gold, and he said, wouldst thou corrupt me? and spices, and he said, wouldst thou entomb me? and jewels, and he said, darest thou think that thou canst adorn me? Then I gave him new feathers for his wings, and he flew away. When he returned I was ready with shears to clip his pinions, and he flew again. Then I gave him to the Devil, and have had him ever since.

70.

There is another version than Moore's, of the story of the Peri at the gate. She remained disconsolate until, encountering Love outside the rampart of Paradise, she declared that she had never until then known where Paradise was.

71.

The angels charged to exclude mankind from Paradise enter it not themselves.

72.

The wise and learned among the ancients, with their erroneous cosmic system, could only place the sphere of Love in the third heaven; but the lover always knew it for the seventh.

73.

When Silence speaks for Love, she has much to say.

74.

Better forego fifty delights than once transgress the frontier of Delicacy. But where are these frontiers? No authority has prescribed them: and they are so diversely traced, not only by different individuals, but by the same individual in different

moods, that Instinct and Reason may fail to discover them. Yet, in proportion as Love and Love become as one, is this difficulty observed to diminish.

75.

Reserve in War means rear, in Love means van.

76.

What a pretty dictionary might be made of the euphemisms of Love!

77.

There was a day when the first rose came into the world; and a day when the first grape came into the world: but there never was a day when the first Love came into the world.

78.

Love found or fancied his wings too weak, and gat him new ones. One he borrowed from Passion, the other from Reserve. But when he fitted them on, lo! one would draw him this way, the other that: and while they strove he hung suspended until he had sight of his Lady, when the two became in will as one, and he flew to her bosom. But on which side stood the Lady? Ah! that we are not to know.

79.

Not wingless is Desire, as feigned by some: For, though he mostly pace this nether earth, Seasons there are when he can lift to heaven.

80.

Eros is the wisest of the Gods, because the oldest, and because there is nothing from which he doth not learn.

81.

Once hath Eros wrought unwisely, when he made Death enamored of the young and beautiful.

## THE MIRROR

## Letters From the People

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CORRECTION.

St. Louis Mo., Nov. 1, 1905.

To the Editor of the MIRROR:

Dear Sir—On October 26th, I read an item in the editorial columns of the MIRROR, in which it stated that "Christian Science is neither Christian nor scientific." This rather sweeping statement seems to have been brought forth, from the fact that it was reported, that at Stamford, Connecticut, a lad, playing on a football team, composed partly or wholly, of boys, of Christian Science parents, refused to play against another team in which one member was a negro.

Boys of Christian Scientists are not wholly unlike other boys who, many times make mistakes, and might prefer to choose their playmates, but it does not seem fair or just that any religious body should be denounced because a child of one of its adherents prefers to select his companions, or even competitors in a football game.

Certainly Jesus nor His teachings were condemned because, in His selection of twelve students, there was one among the number who was not up to the standard. However, the true teaching and application of Christian Science is no respector of persons, and anyone acting contrary to its teaching is not expressing true Christian Science.

The statement that "Christian Science is neither Christian nor scientific," has been said many times by people who oppose it, but those who have studied it, sufficiently to prove its teachings to be practical, differ with this statement. Jesus said, "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Certainly the knowing of the truth concerning Christianity is scientific, and gained through right thinking. The Standard dictionary defines Science as "knowledge gained and verified by exact observation and correct thinking," etc.

Christian Science is based absolutely upon the teachings of the Scriptures, giving special heed to the teachings and practices of Jesus Christ, as the Way-shower.

Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am, respectfully,

JAMES A. LOGWOOD,  
Publication Committee for the State of Missouri.

HOW SOCIALISM SPREADS.

St. Louis, November 2, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror.

A politician whose acquaintance with newspaper writers is quite extensive, remarked to me the other day that he "firmly believed fully 90 per cent of them were impregnated with the seeds of Socialism. For obvious reasons," he added, "they do not write socialistic articles, but their belief is there just the same." He referred to writers on the metropolitan press, with many of whom he is, on terms of close friendship. That politician discovered something that newspaper men have known for years, and that the wealthy men who control most of the large American dailies do not yet know. Those who come in contact with all classes in a large city every day in the week will very soon reach the conclusion that rich crooks are as numerous as "common" criminals, and that money comes very near being a barrier to punishment for crime. There is scarcely a wealthy man in the land doing time in prison to-day. There is not a single one, in the State of Missouri. Those who do not have to deal with every class of people may conclude that this is really a matter of small concern. The newspaper reporter looks at it differently. He knows a gross inequality exists because he sees it many times every day. Such men are not opposed to law and order,

and most of them would doubtless resent being classed politically as socialists. But knowing the protection the law as administered affords the rich criminal and the ferocity with which it runs down and punishes the penniless criminal, he reasons that justice can never be enthroned under existing conditions. This is the practical position to-day of almost every newspaper reporter in the country. He feels, and he knows that his views are right. He would say so in print, too, if the opportunity was afforded him. In this town, nine times out of ten, the wealthy law-breaker is either able to entirely escape newspaper notoriety or have it so tempered as to deceive the public. Every reporter has been up against this kind of an experience many times, and if he is an old-timer, he could recite instances enough to fill a large book. More than one murder has been committed in St. Louis of recent years and kept out of the press and the courts because of disgrace that publicity and prosecution would attach to wealthy families. These are matters that the reporters know. If two men without collars and ties get into a drunken brawl, they are haled into the police court and fined; if two wealthy men do exactly the same thing, the chances are they will escape punishment, and if a reporter succeeded in getting their names into print, he would be summarily dismissed. It is such inequalities as these, and many others, that occur daily under the observation of newspaper writers, that are responsible for the opinions they hold. Are they wrong, or are conditions wrong?

AMOS DUPONT.

[The MIRROR thinks this letter over-drawn, but it also thinks that it states a truth. The writers of the press are all enemies of the existing order, because they see behind the sham front of things, know how the wires are worked,

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" \* \* \* \* It looks to me that Stone, Dockery and Co., have their forces pretty well organized while the "civic righteous" crowd, don't know where they are at." Folk has not strengthened their hands, and if he has any organization at all I don't know of it. He may be treated like Jerome of New York has been. With the people at his back, he could not get any of the party workers to take him up, and he "lost out" at all their conventions. The average reformer is a gold brick, a hypocrite; still I believe Folk to be honest and conscientious, but how long will he last? It's unfortunate to get up now a fight for Missouri's delegation to the national convention between Francis and Folk. Francis will have the business element, and, perhaps, the majority of the politicians—Folk will have the Sunday schools, the Epworth leagues, the churches and the good people generally but it remains to be seen what they can do in a rough and tumble fight. \* \* \* \*

♦♦♦

## Mercantile Club's Dinner

The Mercantile Club will give a table d'hôte dinner to their members, their wives and lady friends, and the Amphiion Club, Saturday evening, November 11th, from 6 to 8 p. m. This is the first of a series of dinners the Mercantile Club proposes giving during the winter, and as the members have the privilege of inviting ladies, it is expected to be quite a social event.

The Amphiion Club, consisting of sixty male voices, under the direction of Mr. Alfred G. Robyn, will render a number of selections after the dinner. Among the soloists will be the following, Miss Enola Calvin, violinist; Mrs. Nora Hughes Morse, soprano; Miss Eugenia Getner, contralto; M. Alfred Bertrand, tenor; Mr. Jos. Kern, cellist, and others.

## POLITICAL FORECAST.

One of the most noted politicians in Missouri, writing to the Editor of the MIRROR says:

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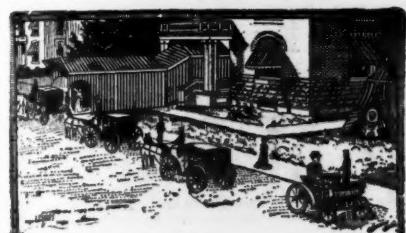
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### New Books

Henry Wood, author of several psychological and other works of fair repute in the world of science and literature, has recently produced "Life More Abundant," a volume in which he gives Scriptural truths a modern application and optimistically argues that spiritual evolution has from the days of Adam and Eve and the fall done much and is still a-doing it, to fit mankind for the "life more abundant." He handles the complex subject gracefully and clearly. And though he does not pose as high or low critic of the Bible he sounds a protest against the modern proneness to literalism and disregard of the evidences of spiritual evolution which he holds is as much a law of God as the evolution of matter. The fall of man he does not consider a calamity for which all mankind must suffer, but the first process in the spiritual evolution of man. The ultimate end of the disobedience of Adam and Eve was and still is, he declares, beneficent to spiritual man. To argue otherwise, he says, is to charge failure to God Almighty in his plans. He holds spiritual evolution is constantly at work and coming down to the present day he points to the condition of unrest and dissatisfaction among the communicants of dogmatic beliefs and declares it is but another step in the process and that it is keeping pace with man's material advancement. Mr. Wood bemoans the lack of poetic fervor in the manner in which the gospels are now preached and declares for eloquence and all the arts of oratory and music. "Life More Abundant" is good reading, even if you don't believe in it. It is full of material that makes one think and though the title may be suggestive of dryness, it is deeply interesting and instructive. It is from the press of the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, of Boston; price \$1.30 per copy.

The gladsome days of youth are yours to live over again in memory at least, if you but read "Letters to Beany" and "The Love-Letters of Plupy Shute," by that well known student of boyhood, Henry A. Shute, whose works have attained quite a vogue among the youngsters and grown-ups. This latest volume of his consists of amusing letters or heart-to-heart talks, between chums, in which all the fights and frolics and the "tenderer affairs" of the heart of various comrades are exploited with a fidelity to detail and fact. It's boy talk and boy life all the way through, and you can't help feeling better after poring over it a while. The book is from the Everett press of Boston, Mass.; price 50 cents.

Society, that manifestation of civilization which so concerns the wealthy and some of the cultured nowadays, is really a wonderful institution. Looking at it through the society columns of the daily papers gives you no idea of its difficulties or its complexities. It doesn't appear to you as the religion or science which it surely is. Why, it has evolved

## THE MIRROR

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so that it wouldn't be surprising if a "Chair of Society" were established in all the big ladies' seminaries. As a matter of fact, text books for the education of persons, fitting them for the especial triumphs among the elite have long been on the market, but the post-graduate course from which the debutantes will emerge is at hand. If you doubt it read that very interesting book "The Counsels of a Worldly Godmother," itself a fairly good text book, by Persis Mather, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York, publishers). It is merely a bunch of letters in the nature of curtain lectures to a socially ambitious young god-daughter, in which the god-mother gives expression to witty and sparkling comments on the manners and deeds of young society girls. The daily round of modern society life, social success and how it's obtained, the importance of ancestry, bridge—when and when not to play it, the philanthropic fad, the art of conversation and how much it counts in the scale of success, snobbishness and some hair-splitting differentiations thereon tolerated by many, vulgarity when it is and when it isn't, marriage foreign and domestic, with a decision in favor of the home product of husbands and instances showing how American girls lose their personality though they marry a title—all these and a number other subjects including some venomous assaults on man's stupidity are deftly handled by Persis Mather, who evidently has been through the social sea and has latterly become the Social Philosopher Censor and Guide. Many people have thought society itself stupid and useless, but since it has been responsible for Persis Mather's book it must be conceded some virtue or value.

Eugene Thwing, the novelist of the lumber camp, author of that good story "The Redkeggers," couldn't help but be successful in his latest work "The Man From Red Keg." It fairly palpitates with the life of the lumber regions of Michigan, the quaint simplicity of the inhabitants thereof, their love of labor, of innocent wholesome pastimes, honesty and charity. Mr. Thwing is right at home among these rough, honest pioneers of progress and his pictures of them are as detailed as if caught in the camera's eye. In characterization he is also clever, all the persons in his stories being typical of the localities wherein the scenes are laid. And in setting forth their tender passions he is particularly careful to adhere to all the traditions as well as the character of these lumbermen and their equally quaint neighbors. "The Man From Keg" hasn't much of plot. Its action swings almost continually about one man, Bill Bartley, the most pusillanimous critter imaginable, who edits a small newspaper for the sole purpose of making life miserable not only for his rival but the people of the country. He's a fair type of the blackguard bully who remains cock of the walk until he arouses the ire of the wrong man and is then rescued from a lynching bee

by those he had most wronged who deemed it better to follow Biblical injunction than the dictates of the heart. And by way of atonement, something which almost wins one's forgiveness for all his sins, he opens the way to happiness to two lovers who otherwise would have been doomed to eternal torture, and who through his nefariousness, had been kept in anguish and doubt many days. There's hint here and there in the story of lighter moods, especially in the doings and sayings of Caleb Trimmer the ambitious and sentimental young hostler who makes love with a rare knack for fumbling. The book is from the press of Dodd, Mead & Company of New York.

In a measure an acquisition to the literature of nature, its wilds and their feathered and other denizens, is C. William Beebe's "Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico." It deals with many new specimens of fowls, of a territory, hitherto unexplored by the naturalist. The materials were gathered by the author and his wife during a tour of Mexico, between Vera Cruz and the Pacific and back, and though his main object was to write of the bird dwellers of the region he found much to interest him in the wild animals and game encountered on the journey or in camp. One of the interesting features of the work is that which deals with the lizards which in some species attain to the size of five feet, the lineal descendants perhaps of the prehistoric ceratosaurus of the Jurassic age. But interesting as it is to the naturalist, because of its associations with a new field, the work to the layman bird-lover and book-lover seems unsatisfactory or incomplete, lacking in that intimacy between author and subject, which lets us into traits and characteristics and lives of the birds and beasts he encounters in his travels. The book is liberally illustrated and neatly bound. It is from the Houghton-Mifflin press of New York.

J. P. Armour is the author of a new Utopia story, "Edenindia," which gives promise of securing hearty approval from the lovers of thrilling adventure and romance, and sociological contrast. It deals with the fortunes of a young man who, having received the mitten from a wealthy girl, runs, or is carried away in an airship to an exclusive island country where the people are ignorant of the fact that the world is not theirs. His family had gone broke before his departure, and he is a gentleman of leisure on his uppers. He is made prisoner in Edenindia, regarded as a great discovery, and money being no object to the natives, they give him the wherewithal to become a millionaire. Then, base ingrate, he falls in love with the fair princess of the realm and elopes with her and the coin. The story is well written, and ends happily for all, and before the young man wakes up. (C. A. Dillingham Company; price, \$1.25.)

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I admire your literary articles immensely. They have a real touch and are full of life and brilliancy.—Richard Le Gallienne.

I had it on my mind to drop you a line concerning Benigna Vena, as to which you gave me my money's worth.—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Check herewith for Benigna Vena, which I have read and greatly enjoyed.—George Ade.

My dear M. M.—I enjoyed the book very much.—Chas. Dana Gibson.

Enclosed find check for your beautiful book. Write more of them.—Alfred Henry Lewis.

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little book of verse, "A Chorus of Leaves," that has come from the far West. Charles G. Blandon is the poet, and Paul Elder & Company of San Francisco have published it in rare good taste, in keeping with its tone and spirit. It is a volume that bespeaks the glories of sunny, rainy and wintry weather; the trees and flowers—an appreciation of Nature by one who is evidently as ardent a devotee of her as he is of the gentle muse. His song is in a pleasing key, like the songs of long ago, and fittingly has he interspersed them with occasional love ditties. Mr. Blandon's is the poetry that uplifts because of its nearness to Nature, the good and the beautiful, and though it may not be great or lasting, it were better there were more like it. It is an admirable gift book, and in any event should be possessed and read by the lovers of good verse. The verse is full of quotable lines, and a model and a marvel of the effect of simplicity. It's real poetry, not great, but very pleasing.

Phoebe Estelle Spalding is the author of a sterling set of appreciative essays on "Womanhood in Art," which have just appeared in a neat volume from the press of Paul Elder & Company of San Francisco. It is not a voluminous work, but it is a real tribute to art and the masters of the past. To her task the author evidently went with a thorough sympathy and knowledge of art, and her subject particularly, for the subjects she has chosen, though few, are indeed representative of "Womanhood in Art." Beginning with the famous sculptures, the Venus de Milo and Dagonet's Eve, she has next selected the famous paintings of Mona Lisa, by Leonardo da Vinci, Guido Reni's celebrated Beatrice Cenci, and the two Madonnas of Raffaello Sanzio, the Madonna of the Chair and the Sistine Madonna. The peculiar charms of each the author has studied and interpreted in her essays.

\*\*\*

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## Theatrical

*Babes in the Woods.*

A full stage, gorgeous scenery, more gorgeous and grotesque costumes, most gorgeous girls, and playing over all the equally gorgeous rays of electric and calcium lights—this is the huge, fascinating, ever-changing animated spectacle of beauty to which the patrons of "Babes in the Wood" are liberally treated this week at the Garrick. It is not one, but several such pictures that are presented in every performance, and they are undoubtedly appreciated. It is the spectacular up-to-the-minute. The other features of the show are not exactly obliterated by these composite triumphs of all the crafts akin to stagemanship, but nearly so. It is good change of entertainment diet—especially if a person happens to have dramatic dyspepsia from excessive indulgence in "musical cocktails." "Babes in the Wood" is figuratively a gigantic theatrical sandwich in the huge spectacular shell. The meaty part is there, and in variety, but you have to bore in like Battling Nelson to get a good mouthful of it.

But as stated above, "Babes in the Wood" is all right as a diversion in the theatrical bill of fare. All the senses are played upon ravishingly. There are tingling music, lilting lyrics, pretty stage pictures and some comedy—all really high class vaudeville in a spectacular setting, produced by one of the most numerous companies ever seen in St. Louis. The action is swift, despite the production's bulk and all the supernumeraries reflect the careful drilling to which they have been subjected.

Perhaps the most popular persons in the cast are the two babes, Will Archie and Adele Cox. They are babes, and precocious. Young Willie is already an accomplished actor with a talent for comedy that is by no means latent. There are few cleverer little ones than he on the stage, saying and singing so much, and doing it all with a stage presence that would be delightful in his elders. He sings with Carrie Behr and little Miss Cox, "Jolly Good Thing to Be Alive," and subsequently renders a catchy solo, "I didn't Mean No Harm." Little Willie is a comer, likewise his pretty little companion, Adele. She is not quite as advanced as he, but she is getting there. She is to the manner born, as it were, and like Willie, is a vocalist with the sweet, pure voice of childhood. Both have quite prominent roles in the production, and it's putting it mildly to say that both could find happy and luxurious homes right now in St. Louis, so taken with them are the audiences. And their dog, *Tousler*, not quite the double of Buster Brown's *Tige*, done by Edward Craven, excites no little merriment.

Junie McCree, who plays the comedy part of the *Wicked Baron*, or *Billy Burke*, is more than satisfying, and all in a modest, dignified way. His experience with a balky automobile, in which he hopes to capture *Robin Hood*, the English road agent, is one of the situations that goes straight into the funny bones of the auditors. And little Willie helps on the fun here to a noisome degree. Mr. McCree isn't much of a warbler, perhaps, but he gets away safely with all that he tackles.

Miss Behr, Mr. McCree and chorus sing, "I Would Like to Marry You," with character sketches interspersed, in a manner and voice that easily make it the popular musical number of act one. By the way, that Miss Behr is a rather versatile lady, a fair comedienne, graceful, strong voiced and an earnest worker. She appears in the role of a German nurse girl, anxious to wed, and makes an excellent showing.

Cheridah Simpson, who is sufficiently dashing and romantic in appearance to be cast for *Robin Hood*, displays many beauties, dramatic and physical, and is a general-alarm-fire as the stage lover

of *Cinderella*, who is impersonated by Miss Lilian Coleman. Several choice musical numbers fall to these two misses, and they sing them with finesse. Miss Simpson's "Sweet Seventeen," and "Message of the Moonbeam," and Miss Coleman's "In a Kiss" and "My Little Laplander" probably will stay with us awhile.

The feature of the production, however, is undoubtedly the pantomime of Fred Walton, the toy soldier. He is a clever, silent comedian, and takes the audience off their feet in his "talks" with the wooden soldiers.

Others in the cast are capable, and the whole is quite evenly balanced.

## Love's Lottery.

Everything about "Love's Lottery," bears the mark of musicianly skill that spells success. The piece is here for the second time since it was produced, and it comes as a welcome bit of real musical entertainment. It is almost severely musical because it must needs be so with an attraction in which Mme. Schumann-Heink is prima donna. The patrons seem to desire her thrilling notes as much, if not more, than they do anything else in the production. As she has been before the central figure, the person upon whom all attention was riveted, so is she still. Her personality is a strong one. But a few conversational notes of her rich and soothing voice are sufficient to set the spell to working. Miss Tekla Farm is an accomplished and sweet singer, likewise are Messrs. Reginald Roberts and William H. Thompson, but their's is but a fleeting need of applause compared with that which greets the entrancing Mme. Schumann-Heink. And it is doubtful if this isn't the right view of the situation, for not only does she appeal through her clear soprano, but her comedy is vigorous and wholesome, and done without any great effort. In "Love's Lottery" she is *Lena*, a German woman of high esteem in love with an English army officer, and her sallies with him (Edward Clark), and the situations are pithy, witty, strong, and well done with *Lena* always "first beat." Frequently in her dialogue she resorts to German, yet the audience, whether or not it understands, goes on pounding its of George the Third's time, as though he were measured in some scale for the part. He is strong on looks and voice and action. Mr. Roberts possesses almost identical gifts, and makes an impressive intriguer of the aristocratic set. William H. Sloan as *Barney O'Toole*, a happy-go-lucky position, helps on to many a laugh as the innocent cause of many of the predicaments in which the others are cast. And *Barney's* sweetheart, as played by Helen Sothern is meritoriously done.

The rest of the company and the chorus, in ability and musical requirements, furnish excellent support. The story of "Love's Lottery" is more tangible than the plot in most musical shows. It turns on the loss of a lottery ticket which *Lena* held, and which led to dilemmas, and in turn to ramifications of dilemmas for four brace of lovers. It ends happily, however, and in the union in marriage of all.

## Francis Wilson.

Francis Wilson's engagement in a double-barreled attraction at the Olympic this week demonstrates two things of more or less interest to the theatrical world: First, that Mr. Wilson isn't doomed to musical comedy stunts all of his days, and secondly, it reveals the decided difference between the makeshift characters of the Fitch piece and the flesh and blood types of "The Little Father of the Wilderness," which was written by Lloyd Osbourn and Austin Strong. But there is a saving touch here and there that cloaks the coarse spots and revives interest.



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"Cousin Billy" almost rises to the "dignity" of a problem play, the problem, of course, developing from the fact that it has been branded as a clever comedy. Of course they say some smart things and do a few in "Cousin Billy," but no chance for anything great in the histrionic line. There's no life to the piece, nothing of the quality known as "heart interest," though a love affair of some possibilities runs through it. It lacks the atmosphere that Clyde Fitch must have to shine in.

Mr. Wilson as an elderly suitor of a young girl, reveals frequent flashes of the real comedy he is capable of, the talent that is smothered by a piece suffering from inanition. With the material at hand he does excellently well. So do the other talent in the cast.

But "The Little Father of the Wilderness" soon brings back the warmth of life to those in the cast and to the auditors. It is a simple little playlet in which the leading characters are a Canadian priest, and the King of France. Everyone in the cast responds to the action of the piece, and there is a feeling of relief when it is well on the way of unfoldment. Even the women in the company appear more at ease in "The Little Father of the Wilderness," despite the belief that Mr. Fitch is considered a great creator of women's roles, a maker of female stars. Miss May Robson, Miss Edith Garker, George S. Spencer, William Lewis and

Miss Zelda Spears are particularly effective in their support of the principals. ♫

"The Funny Mr. Dooley," in the person of Paul Quinn, a clever portrayer of the stage Irishman, gets the Imperial audiences dangerously close to the exploding point of laughter. It's titter, titter, titter throughout the entire play. Mr. Quinn is indeed amusing. He is particularly happy, surrounded by a bevy of "beauts"—for such are the girls in this Dooley show—singing one or more of the Irish melodies that come his way. Mr. Quinn is very ably supported, and the performance moves swiftly. There is the spice of variety in the characters in the show, nearly all of whom are, have been, or may be, denizens of the funny supplement. ♫

"Lovers and Lunatics," an odd but good musical comedy, new to St. Louis, too, opened to a standing-room house at the Grand Sunday night. It ought to. It's funny, and the music is suitable to the piece, as well as pleasant to the ear. The plot involves a number of lovers and inmates of an asylum, who think each other crazy. The action is swift, and the audience is always catching its breath for a new laugh. Johnny Ford and Mayme Gehru, remembered for their success in vaudeville, are making their initial bow in this more pretentious effort, and both seem perfectly at ease. Mr. Ford, in fact, appears to be destined to go

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higher. He has a good voice and an easy stage manner, and his comedy in the piece is good as most musical comedy comedians have to offer. Gehruer also reveals a talent of better things. She gives capital support to Mr. Ford, as does Joe Morris, whose Hebrew impersonation, monologue and parodies fit into the production like a bung in a barrel. George P. Watson, a fair actor, is "all there" with a couple of old-time songs which he interpolates feelingly—Joe Emmet's cuckoo song, and "Roll on Silvery Moon." The Misses Henrietta Tedro and Florence Little are others who perform their parts with intelligence and skill. Philip Zuker, Jr., J. A. Byrne, Jr., J. Davenport Hamilton and T. A. Conway are a queer looking, interesting quartette, as *Togo, Napoleon, Caesar* and the *Czar*. And

Albert Michaelson, Charles A. Cummings, T. Barrett and William W. Benedict take well as gentlemen tourists.

The chorus is made up of young and pretty girls, with "singy" voices, and the ensemble effects are cleverly arranged and executed.

♦

The moving pictures of the Britt-Nelson fight, the best that have ever been made or exhibited, promises to outdraw the principals in that famous ring battle, who preceded them here as attractions. The initial exhibition was given at the Standard Sunday afternoon with the Merry Makers' Burlesque Company, and standing room only was the rule. At night it was the same. The pictures are more intelligently presented than any hereto-

fore, and are immediately preceded by individual pictures of the celebrities at the fight—trainers, fighters, ring officials and persons of prominence in the fight gathering are pointed.

The fight itself is very clearly portrayed. The films show plainly how conclusively Britt was whipped—how very near he was to the end on two occasions prior to the knockout, when he could scarcely raise his hands. And the knockout is ghastly graphic—Britt is seen rolling over and over helplessly on the floor—and finally blood is rushing from his mouth. Prior to the running off of the pictures a very good burlesque show is given—including two extravaganzas, good quartette singing, acrobatics and musical turns.

Among those whose work is deserving of high praise is Alma Kelly, vo-

calist; Mlle. Bartoletti, dancer, and the three Alexanders and Brady.

♦

The Gayety's bill this week is a real good one—supplied by the Transatlantic Burlesques. Two farces "The Pirates of Panama" and "A Close Shave" are effectively presented by a bunch of burlesque comedians. Nevana Farrington, as comedienne and vocalist, is one of the individual hits of the show. Byron and Langdon in the skit, "The Dude Detective," stir up no end of laughter. Byers and Herman, spectacular pantomimists; the Warsaw brothers; in fact, every one in the show, make good in their respective roles.

♦

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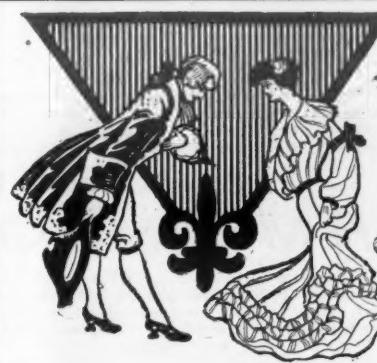
afford to overlook the fact that Schiller's birthday anniversary, which occurs this week, will be commemorated at the German Theater of the Odeon next Sunday night with a production of the great German poet's tragedy of "Fiesco." It is the highly dramatic story of the family and political hatred of the Fieschi of Genoa for Andrea Doria, the Doge, and his family and party. Almost entire Southern Europe was engaged in this warfare, which caused frequent outbreaks of insurrection and conspiracies, the most tragic of which has furnished Schiller the theme for his drama. This is one of Schiller's prose plays, was written by him after "Die Räuber," (The Robbers), and is full of noble diction and rich in dramatic action. It will be given in the elegant costumes of the Byzantine period, with stage settings to match these requirements. Ludwig Lindikoff, who is at his best in heroic roles, will carry the title part. The cast is large, and makes heavy demands upon the stock company which under the direction of Ferdinand Welb, will give an interesting and inspiring performance of this fine dramatic work. Students of the German language will have one of the best opportunities to hear Schiller's beautiful lines read by real artists, and see a play with the history of which they are familiar. Next Wednesday night a new play will be given, to be followed very soon by the production of "Die Fledermaus," (The Bat), Johann Strauss' famous operetta.

Madame Eames, recognized as one of the greatest prima donnas of the present time, whose triumphs include her operatic debut at the Paris Grand Opera, before the most critical audience in the world, a highly successful engagement with the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, London, and latterly with the de Reszkes and other great operatic stars, in the Metropolitan Opera Company, of New York, will sing at the Odeon on Tuesday, November 14 next. This promises to be one of the big musical events of the season in St. Louis. Mme. Eames is thoroughly devoted to her art and possesses remarkable beauty and wonderful vocal gifts. The latter she has retained in all their fullness and sweetness even in the face of a two-years' absence from the stage. This was prior to last season, when she rejoined the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, and signalized her return with a succession of new triumphs, the very nature of which prompted her to make a tour of America. She has just started on this tour and St. Louis is one of her first stops.

Jefferson de Angelis, who needs no introduction to St. Louis theatergoers, will be seen at the Garrick next week in "Fantana," a musical show that will be played in St. Louis the first time next Sunday night. The piece won approval in the East last season and is said to be assured of success here. It is to be as handsomely staged as it was in New York and its cast will be made up of clever actors and actresses, among them are Toby Claude, the stunted comedienne, Julia Sanderson, Hubert Wilkie, Frank Rushworth, Robert Broderick, Norman Belle and Adele Sharp.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and her children will be at the Olympic for a week commencing next Sunday night, dispensing her genial optimism in the midst of her poverty. The company is practically the same as that seen here last season, including Madge Carr Cook, Helen Lowell and Bessie Barriscale and other well known stage folk.

"The Maid and the Mummy," another of Richard Carle's musical specialties, comes to the Century for a week commencing next Sunday with matinee. The piece has been seen in St. Louis before, but sufficiently long ago to make a renewal of acquaintance necessary. The company is a big one, of 88 persons. Among the prominent



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Sam Devere's burlesque company will furnish the entertainment for the Standard's patrons next week commencing with a matinee performance Sunday. There are new people and new specialties and comic stunts. A farcical sketch will be produced.

"York State Folks," a familiar attraction presenting all the dramatic elements of a pastoral play, will be the Grand's bill next week and as it is in the hands of a company that is considered capable throughout patrons of the theater no doubt will enjoy the production.

"More to be Pitied than Scorned," a play with a strong moral and a general tendency towards the triumph of the good, will be presented next week to Imperial patrons. It is replete with stirring scenes and contrasts good and bad forcibly. King Baggott will take the leading roll and will be ably sustained by a good company.

The familiar name of Rentz-Santley, which has been identified with high-

class burlesque for many years, is borne by the attraction coming to the Gayety next week as a guarantee of the show's worth. There are several notable burlesquers in the company, and the specialty bill is complete and interesting throughout. New songs and other features will be on tap.

♦ ♦ ♦

A private was brought up one morning for a summary. His listless eyes were about the only evidences of his previous night's offense. "Now," said the captain, "you may plead what you like," but the culprit noticed that the captain was already looking up the blue book for the fine. "Sdarn outrage," replied the accused man. "Ten dollars and ten days," said the captain; "what have you got to say now?" "Sdarn outrage," replied the accused. "Ten dollars more" said the captain; "I'll give you just one more chance to defend yourself." "Sdarn use, captain, came the reply, with considerable feeling; "you're too good at repartee for me."

**Picture Exhibits**

Mr. William Valentine Schevill has exhibition at the Noonan-Kocian galleries, 617 Locust street, a number of portraits in oil and pastel, which are very interesting. Mr. Schevill is a son-in-law of Col. Meier, of the Heine Leder Company, so his work has a local personal, as well as a general impersonal art interest. His portrait of his father-in-law is an interesting likeness. That of Emperor William's brother, Prince Henry, is a character-exposition not quite flattering to the subject's stamina. The large picture of an elderly gentleman in a red leather chair against a green background is good, but too tricky. His oil of Secretary Taft is pastier than a sketchier portrait in pastel of the same personage. Mr. Schevill's portrait of his wife is interesting, but too much idealized. Four or five other portraits in pastel are much better, notably the woman in white in the northeast corner, and the hooded woman with the brown-red hair. The more sketchy and free Mr. Schevill is, the more convincing and true he becomes. He loses sureness and firmness when he comes to paint. There is something over-finished and mechanical, for instance, in his oil of Taft. He paints women with more intimate knowledge than men, but this is not to say that all his work is not characterized by the true painter's skill and feeling. The portraits are an interesting study for those who know and appreciate art.

Another attraction to the elect at these galleries is the collection of miniatures by Mrs. Adele Winckler. These are in the best miniaturist style. The portraits are not conventionally prettified, but have some quality of character. The faces have anatomy. There is not that too sweetly tone about them that mars so many miniatures. They are done with a quite refreshing freedom of stroke in some instances. One would say that the lady painter is capable of better work than miniaturizing.

The Noonan-Kocian concern will also have on exhibition the latter part of this week a collection of the drawings and sketches of a great many Wimar works never before shown the public, but held sacred and almost secret by the family of the greatest painter we have ever had, especially of the Indian and the buffalo. Wimar pictures being fabulous prices to-day, and it will be astonishing to art lovers to learn how many works of his hands are still in St. Louis, where he earned a great fame—posthumously—and very little money.

♦♦♦

**Kennard & Sons' Art Furniture**

The store of J. Kennard & Sons, 400 Washington avenue, St. Louis, Mo., is a veritable dreamland these days—a furniture salon par excellence. Each of the five floors is laden with artistic furniture and bric-a-brac, suitable for a palace. Everything and anything of utility and ornamentation is to be found in this excellent assortment of goods. Particularly valuable is it as an aid to the solution of the wedding or holiday gift problem. No prettier or more useful presents could be found anywhere. In the higher grades of furniture are two especially beautiful English dining-room sets in Chippendale and Adams styles and besides there are the Sheraton and Colonial styles, as well as a complete line of birch English Morocco upholstered furniture, and new designs in English Mohair-Applique.

Any of these, and particularly the handsome dining-room sets, would prove a gift long to be cherished by the recipient, and would immensely enhance the looks of any artistic home.

In fact, Kennard & Sons' stock throughout reflects the rare selective

skill and artistic tastes of the firm. None but the products of the best factories, the factories that employ the most skilled craftsmen in America, is carried in stock. In addition to the furniture the firm has a particularly attractive line of electroliers and gas fixtures, andirons, fire screens, hall and mantel clocks; Sheffield ware, English and French china, baccarat and Webb glass, and many other choice objects of decorative design specially imported by the firm. Furnishings for cozy corners and dens, in fact, every article necessary to the comfort and pleasure of home life can be supplied by this complete establishment.

♦♦♦

**Turn On the Gas**

By F. F. Houston.

*Written for the Laclede Gas Light Co.*  
Turn on the gas! Turn on the gas!  
And burn it night and day  
The death knell tolls for wood and coal  
That swiftly pass away  
Like spectres grim to shadows dim  
For gas has come to stay.

Turn on the gas! and thus amass  
The fortune you'd attain  
For it will light your path aright  
To glory or to gain;  
Dispelling ills and cutting bills  
That caused you racking pain.

Turn on the gas! It doth surpass  
Aladdin's lamp of old,  
That 'neath the touch did open such  
A store of hidden gold!  
Just turn the key, and it will bring  
You blessings manifold.

Then let it flow! You ladies know  
"Gas" is the needful thing  
To compass ease, the man to please,  
And keep him on the string.

Just light the gas and you will get  
A cinch upon them quick,  
For a quick meal their fate will seal  
Ere they have time to "kick."

The gas is cheap; the mains laid deep  
The meters true and just;  
And Poet's praise with eggless lays  
Our pipes that never "Bust."

No more you'll know the toil and woe  
That dimmed the days of yore,  
When hubby brought the wood, and, hot,  
He hurled it on the floor  
With rumbling sound that would have  
drowned  
Mount Pelee's awful roar.

No more of smoke to taint and thrust  
Its venom everywhere,  
To throw a pall of gloom o'er all  
And permeate the air,  
Till every breath invited death  
Polluted by Despair.

And now surcease; gas pipe your peace;  
'Twill light, heat, cook and bake;  
A vigil keen while sound you sleep  
A joy when you awake.  
High hopes fulfill, and brighter still  
Your path to heaven make

♦♦♦

**The Nearest Woman**

Miss Caroline Powell of Boston is a wood engraver, a pupil of Timothy Cole, and at a dinner recently she said of her master:

"Mr. Cole had a horror of stingy persons. He was continually railing against such people, continually pointing out to us glaring examples of meanness and greed.

"He said one day that he had heard that morning of one of the meanest women in the world.

"She called before breakfast at the house of a neighbor of his and said:

"'Madam, I see that you have advertised in the papers for a cook.'

**KENNARD'S FIFTH FLOOR**

J. Kennard & Sons extend to the public a cordial invitation to visit their Fifth Floor and to view the display of artistic merchandise specially prepared for their fall opening.

Of special interest is our exclusive assortment of high-grade Furniture, in the Chippendale, Sheraton and Colonial styles; also a complete line of Birch English Morocco Upholstered Furniture and their new designs in English Mohair-Applique.

We are also offering an unusual large assortment of Electric Light Fixtures, Andirons, Fire Screens, Hall and Mantel Clocks, Sheffieldware, English and French China, Baccarat and Webb Glass, and many choice foreign decorative objects for the furnishing of artistic homes and very desirable as

Anniversary, Wedding and Holiday Gifts ranging in price from five to five hundred dollars.

J. Kennard & Sons,  
400 Washington Ave.,  
St. Louis.

**BOYS AND GIRLS**

Have You  
Sent in Your Essay on

"HOUSECLEANING THEN AND NOW," for which we have been offering \$100 in prizes? This is a great contest—chance to make some Christmas money easy.

1st prize....\$25.00 2nd prize....\$20.00 3rd prize....\$15.00  
4th prize....\$10.00. And six prizes of \$5.00.

Give name, age, grade and school. Mail essays or leave at office. House cleaning by the "dustless method" is the only proper way to do the job.

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR HOUSE CLEANING CO., 443-38 OLIVE STREET. Both 'Phones.

"Yes, I have," returned the other, "but surely you are not after the place."

"No, said the stranger, 'but I only live two blocks away from you, and since I need a cook myself, I thought you might send to me all the applicants you reject.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"That brother of yours, Lucy," said the man of the house, "seems to be a pretty tough character."

"Deed, he is, suh," replied the colored maid; "he jes' natchelly seems to be de white sheep ob our fambly, sho' nuff."—Philadelphia Press.

### The Stock Market

The past week's stock market movements were bewildering in the extreme. The spasmodic improvement induced by the news of the Czar's concessions to his people was soon followed by another precipitate rush to "unload" at any old price when the precarious position of the money market was most unpleasantly revealed by the extraordinary bank statement of last Saturday. With surplus reserves almost annihilated, and the loan account showing an expansion, for the past two weeks, of \$31,000,000, the majority of traders lost no time in reducing their bull commitments. The surplus reserves are now at their lowest level since April, 1903. *Absit omen!* As matters stand, the banks are at the end of their rope in providing means for bull speculation. The situation is a distinctly bad one. It foreshadows a continuance of high money rates and erratic stock market movements for some weeks to come.

The spectacular performances in Reading common furnished no end of excitement latterly. It is generally believed that the controlling clique is trying to force the remaining unlucky bears to cover their short lines in this stock, which almost touched 140 on phenomenally large transactions. Reading common is only a 4 per cent stock. For this reason, it is not to be assumed that any sensible person would care to buy it at prevailing prices, even if he should know that the company is earning at the rate of 10 per cent per annum on these shares. As has often been pointed out in these columns in the last six months, Reading is a good, promising stock. For the present, however, all the goodness and promises have been well discounted. The last annual statement of the company showed a dividend surplus of \$10,018,748. The net earnings from July 1st to September 30th, 1905, increased almost \$700,000. These are admittedly very satisfactory figures, but it remains more than doubtful if they justify anything like current quotations for the shares. There's talk of a conversion of the second preferred into one-half common and one-half first preferred. If a plan of this sort were to be carried out, it would still have to be proved where or how the financial benefit is to accrue. The rise in the value of Reading since 1900 has been most extensive. In the autumn of 1901, it could yet be bought at 35, or thereabouts. The gain in value of 105 points since that time strikingly testifies to the vastly improved position of the anthracite companies at the present time, as compared with what it was up to about 1899.

The bold manipulation of Reading shares is not liked by the conservative element. It is feared that the relentless squeezing of the "shorts" may not redound to the benefit of the general market. Among the superstitiously inclined, Reading is looked upon with decided disfavor. It is still painfully remembered that prodigious excitement in Reading issues in the early part of 1803 was the forerunner of the panic that broke out in the spring of that year. Of course, it must not be forgotten that the position of the Reading, at this time, is utterly different from what it was in that memorable year of disaster and *debacle*.

The Bank of Germany has again raised its rate of discount, which now stands at 5½ per cent, or at the highest level since 1900, when the industrial and financial situation in Germany was exceedingly strained. It would seem that Berlin is now the monetary storm center. German bankers realize that they made a sorry mistake in advancing such large amounts of money to the Russian Government at a time when their home position was anything but comfortable. The principal source of German financial worries must be

found in over-speculation and industrial prosperity. There's not enough money to go round. The banks cannot accommodate the frenzied speculative cliques when legitimate economic demands are pressing. A restoration of peace and order in the Russian empire would bring considerable relief to Germany's financial markets.

The last New York bank statement disclosed the astounding fact that the interior banks are still withdrawing funds from the Eastern center. As a rule, money flows the contrary way at this time of the year. From this it must be inferred that the money requirements of the West and South were enlarged this year by enormous, record-breaking crops, industrial activity and real estate speculation. About three months ago, certain financial wise men of the East made the cheerful prediction that the West and South were stronger, financially, in 1905, than they had been at any time in the past, and that they would need but little succor from New York. Events of the past six weeks have utterly disproved such shallow conclusions. The West needs the money, at present, and needs it badly. And so does New York. It is, therefore, no wonder that surplus reserves are going a-glimmering and money rates holding stiff at 4 and 5 per cent.

The Bank of England's ratio of reserve to liability has fallen to 38½ per cent, which is the lowest level reached, for this time of the year, since 1891, when it was 36¾. The previous low level, for 1905, was that of October 4th, when it stood at 38½. The existing position of the Bank of England is not calculated to conjure forth visions of a speedy return to easy money and hot bull markets. London's financial community is in bad humor, especially since shares in the "Kaffir" circus began their downward career. The liquidation in these stocks has been enormous in the past two months. There seems to be no stop to the depreciation. It is well known that the bull account is menacingly unwieldy, the public having held their shares with remarkable firmness of purpose since the close of the Boer war in delusive expectations of a return to boom times *a la* Barney Barnato. Holders have been fooled. The "Kaffirs" won't boom, in spite of rapidly enlarging gold production on the Witwatersrand. For the month of October, the output of South African gold amounted to \$9,031,250. The previous high record was \$8,604,000, in August, 1899.

There can be no doubt that Wall street values are, in most cases, utterly untenable. A sharp decline is very much in order, and will surely come in case of a continuance of high money rates, or a resumption of gold exports to Paris. Late performances on the stock exchange were idiotic and provocative of disaster.

The Steel Trusts' showing for the September quarter is indicative of the trade's prosperity. It showed a gain of more than \$12,000,000 in net.

### Local Securities.

Changes in quotations for local securities, in the past week, were not particularly striking in any instance. Buyers and sellers were generally too far apart to consummate sales. In several cases, vigorous attempts were made at enlivening proceedings, but results were not commensurate with the amount of energy expended. Taken all through, the local situation may be said to be one of expectation and sparing for positions. Holders continue to express optimistic views, but the would-be buyer is, for the nonce, not inclined to take the initiative, except on concessions. There's indubitable evidence of concerted manipulation in some of the more conspicuous issues.

H. WOOD,  
President.

RICH'D B. BULLOCK,  
Vice-President.

W. E. BERGER,  
Cashier.

**JEFFERSON BANK,**  
CORNER FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.  
Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.  
Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

### WHITAKER & COMPANY, BOND AND STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty . . . . .  
Direct Private Wire to New York.  
300 N. FOURTH STREET, ST. LOUIS,

Stock-jobbing is as facile of accomplishment in this burg as it is in Wall street.

Street railway shares forged to the front for a while in the last few days. United Railways preferred took another spurt to 82, and the common climbed up to 30¾, where it seemed to lack further substantial support. The 4 per cent bonds continue to hang fire at 87 bid, 87½ asked.

In the bank and trust company group activity was on a small scale. Efforts to boost values failed to find a following worth talking about. German-American Bank was mentioned at one time, a would-be buyer bidding 960 for it, without calling forth any offerings. This stock is closely held, so much so that it may be said that quotations for it are not exactly in line with intrinsic value. For Boatmen's Bank 257 is asked, with no bids at this writing, and for Bank of Commerce 342½ is asked, with sales at 342. Third National is quoted at 326 bid, 330 asked. No sale was recorded for some days. For Mercantile Trust 400 is asked, with buyers unwilling to make any firm bids. Missouri-Lincoln is finding small buyers at about 12. Commonwealth Trust is quoted at 341½ bid 342 asked.

Ten shares of Westinghouse Coupler sold at 34½. The recent activity in Candy common seems to have spent its force. The stock is difficult to sell at 9½. The first preferred receives an occasional bid of 97 from people who do not appear to be anxious to evoke offerings.

Money rates remain firm at 4½ to 6 per cent. Drafts on New York are 40 discount bid, 30 discount asked. Sterling exchange is quoted at \$4.87. Berlin at 95.25. Bank clearances last week amounted to \$54,097,848. For the corresponding week in 1904 they were \$67,085,086.

### Answers to Inquiries.

J. L. P. Columbia, Mo.—Dividend prospects on United States Steel common growing brighter. Would not be in hurry to buy, however, at this time. If iron trade prosperity continues, dividends may be resumed some time in 1906.

X. X. X., Charleston, Ill.—Yes, think well of Baltimore & Ohio common. Should be bought on all declines. Keep out of Pacific Mail. Take your profits on St. Paul common.

Citizen—"What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?" Juryman—"Insanity." Citizen—"Gee! The whole twelve of you?"—Cleveland Leader.



### TICKETS

To INDIANAPOLIS  
CINCINNATI  
DAYTON, O.  
SPRINGFIELD, O.  
COLUMBUS, O.  
CLEVELAND, O.

and all points in INDIANA and OHIO

To BUFFALO  
NIAGARA FALLS  
NEW YORK  
BOSTON

and all points in MOUNTAINS  
and SEA SHORE  
via

### BIG FOUR

insure you the best service  
For rates and Sleeping or Parlor car accommodations call on your ticket agent or address

C. L. Hilleary, A. G. P. A., St. Louis

A certain gentleman on being asked to subscribe toward sending out a missionary to one of the Cannibal Islands of the Pacific, is reported to have answered, in the most discouraging manner: "Certainly not. I am a vegetarian."

**HEALTH, BEAUTY**

And a Form Sublime to Those who Take

**Vaucaire Galega  
Tablets**

The only Vaucaire preparation on the market in tablet form. They are far more effective than any liquid remedy and contain the genuine Rue Galega and other essential ingredients necessary to produce the desired results.

They create good, healthy flesh, developing the Bust and restoring wasted breasts lost through nursing or sickness, making the cheeks plump and filling the hollows of a scrawny neck.

They clear the complexion and create a good appetite. If you are run down, careworn, or weak, take a box of Vaucaire Galega Tablets and note their wonderful effect.

One of the many unsolicited expressions we have on file:

Chicago, Ill., August 14, 1905.

Willard White Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—I am very much pleased with Vaucaire Galega Tablets. They certainly do all that is claimed for them. Yours truly,

MISS MAUDE DUNLAP, 227 N. Wood-st.

**THREE WEEKS' TREATMENT \$1**  
**NOTHING EXTRA IF SENT BY MAIL**

Dainty little tablets, easy and pleasant to take. The formula used in making these tablets is indorsed by all the very best Beauty Editors of leading newspapers everywhere.

Send for booklet and further information to Willard White Company, Suite 726 Star Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**CAUTION!** Be sure the signature "Willard White Co." is on the box you buy.

Put up in tablet form only. Don't accept a substitute.

You can obtain the genuine at

**RABOTEAU & CO.'S**

## Short Talks on Advertising—No. 34

How complete an advertising campaign can be developed for a St. Louis manufacturer, or jobber, by the use of newspapers in St. Louis and St. Louis territory only, was suggested last week.

Not only are the dailies published in St. Louis and the Southwest some of the best producers of business among all newspapers, but the "weekly editions" of these daily papers offer to the mail-order or specialty house, or to any manufacturer or jobber who wants to reach the farm or the small town, a splendid opportunity in circulation in a certain territory. These papers are edited with care and make their appeal to rural buyers in St. Louis territory.

Augusta, Maine, is the alleged birthplace of the mail-order paper and the home of many great mail-order publications to-day, but St. Louis and other cities in this territory offer to the advertiser in the Southwest a mail-order circulation to a most prosperous population in the fastest-growing section of this country.

## The Lesan Company Advertising

Dolph Building  
St. Louis



Reprinted by Request

### SOMETIMES

BY MAY LOUISE RILEY SMITH.  
Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seems reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we groan and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see,  
And e'en as prudent parents disallow Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from our view,  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death,  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send,  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
God's plans, like lilies pure and white unfold,  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

❖❖❖

It is said that Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, being held up by a footpad, said, indignantly: "Sir, I am the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Minnesota!" "The Devil you are!" replied the robber; "why, that's my church, too!"

❖❖❖

"She told him she simply could not make up her mind to be the wife of a poor man." "He isn't a poor man, though." "No; but he soon would be if she married him."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Citizen—"Why don't you nominate a good, honest, incorruptible man for this office?" Politician—"What's the use? We'll have a good majority without it."—*Cleveland Leader*.

## "Just Good" or the VERY BEST Laundry Work.

To produce perfect work it is necessary to bring into use not only the most perfect processes, but to put to use the knowledge and skill that only comes from long experience.

## THE Excelsior Laundry

is the oldest laundry in St. Louis. Employees of the Excelsior Laundry are trained people who know that only perfect work must be turned out.

The result is, that all laundry work done by us is not only well done, but it has a distinction of finish, not known except in the work of the Excelsior Laundry.

Again we say

## "THE WORK OF THE Excelsior Laundry

EXCELS."

5 Telephones.

Wagons a plenty.

## GOING EAST

—GET—

## TICKETS.

—TO—

INDIANAPOLIS,  
CINCINNATI,  
DAYTON, O.,  
SPRINGFIELD, O.,  
COLUMBUS, O.,  
CLEVELAND,  
BUFFALO,  
NIAGARA FALLS,  
NEW YORK,  
BOSTON,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
MONTREAL,

—VIA—

## BIG FOUR

Call on your Ticket Agent for Rates, Maps, Guides, Parlor or Sleeping Car Accommodations, or write to Agents Big Four.

C. L. HILLEARY,  
Ass't. Gen'l. Pass. Agt. St. Louis, Mo.

"That man says a dishonest dollar never passed through his hands." "Not if he could help it," answered Senator Sorghum; "he always held on to it."—*Washington Star*.

## THE MIRROR



ESPADO MISSION.

**Come!---be the guest of  
San Antonio**

this winter. Leave the chilly north behind you, and find health and pleasure under the stainless splendor of her turquoise sky.

To all newcomers, San Antonio offers a thousand delightful surprises. For the sight-seer, the old Mission Churches are still here, the Cathedral of San Fernando, and gray and ghostly in the dazzling sunlight, the historic Alamo. For the invalid a perfect combination of sunny winter weather, pure, dry air, beautiful scenery and modern accommodations.

**The Climate's the thing  
in San Antonio.**

The invigorating air, dry and warm; the altitude; the perfect natural drainage, all combine to make the temperature as nearly perfect as can be. It is possible to spend most of each day, from November to March, outdoors. The parks and plazas, the margins of the creeks and rivers, the groves of palm and magnolia, lose nothing of their lustrous green during the winter months.

San Antonio is, of all America, the oddest blending of modern utility and beauty, with the romance and heroism of the medieval.

**MKT**  
Come to San Antonio! The exceptionally low rates, during the Fall and Winter months—the excellent train service and accommodations via the M. K. & T. Ry. make it a journey of but small cost and not of tiresome length. I'll send it on request. Once read, I'm sure you'll be more than half convinced that you should be the guest of San Antonio this Winter. Address

**W. S. ST. GEORGE,**

Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.  
Box V 907 ST. LOUIS, MO.



When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

**Secret of Werner Bros.' Success**

It is somewhat a puzzling paradox in business how a smaller and younger store will frequently outstrip the giants in winning the confidence and patronage of the public in their peculiar lines. No doubt the managers of the large stores wonder at the cause, or lay it to fickleness of the people. But they are wrong. The real cause of such a condition is due first to the art of stock selection, practiced by the smaller establishment and secondly, to judiciously placed artistic advertising, setting forth the beauties and virtues of the goods it has for sale.

This is the policy that has made Werner Bros. a rendezvous for the best-dressed men of St. Louis—the men who are quick to see the artistic in attire, and quick to follow fashion. They have no gigantic, cumbersomely-chosen stock to bewilder the purchaser, but like a good dinner, they spread before their patrons, well-balanced as to quantity, quality and variety, the choicest and handsomest goods in all lines that the world's markets afford. Neckties in all the newest shapes and shades; shirts of exclusive makes and patterns, made expressly for the trade; underwear of all the leading lines, embodying both the health-giving kind and the standard goods, silks, wools, lambswool, etc.; suspenders, garters, socks, jewelry, handkerchiefs in the latest artistic shades and the finest qualities of linen; jewelry for everyday wear; boys' suits in the most fetching styles, hats from the celebrated Knox factory, and Werners' ready-for-service clothing that is the equal and frequently the superior of the made-to-order article—suits of the finest material and cut, tailored by the best men in the trade, and sure to fit and please, and overcoats of various weights, and styles all bearing the hallmark of perfection, and selling at prices most reasonable, considering quality and fit and general dressiness. Added to excellence of stock the store's well-known desire to please, and one of the most capable corps of salesmen in the West it is easy to see why they have succeeded.

\*\*\*  
**Fashionable Furriers**

In the matter of furs, which are always fashionable winter attire, the Western Fur Company, of 1318 Olive street, is prepared this season to offer greater variety and at prices that will prove attractive. This company has exceptional advantages for the handling and making of fur garments. They purchase firsthand all the raw product or uncut pelts, from hunters and trappers throughout the world, and saving thereby the profits of middlemen and jobbers, are enabled to manufacture single garments such as caps, coats, and wraps, as well as full sets of furs at the most tempting prices. They employ none but expert furriers, and use none but the pelts that stand inspection; so that the garments turned out by them are of the very finest quality and workmanship. Seal, ermine and chinchilla, direct from the trappers and hunters, are the popular lines, but their patrons can be supplied with any of the other furs in the market. The company also makes a specialty of remodeling, altering and repairing fur garments and in this, as in their manufactured goods, to satisfy their patrons is their chief aim. Call and examine their stock.

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**School Children Take Notice**

There now remains but one day in which the school children of St. Louis who have not as yet entered the prize essay contest inaugurated by the General Compressed Air House Cleaning Company, can qualify by submitting their essays on the subject "House

**YOU**

Can spend your winter in no more profitable way than by taking a course in

**Barnes Business College**

**Board of Education Building, 911 Locust street.**

This advertisement and \$70 will pay for six months tuition and complete outfit of books and stationery for either the Business or Short-hand course, if presented during the month of November.

**THE ST. LOUIS SCHOOL AND MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS** 19th and Locust St  
Art Department of Washington University. HALSEY C. IVES, Director.  
**AWARDED GRAND PRIZE FOR STUDENTS' WORK.**  
SAINT LOUIS EXPOSITION, 1904.  
Drawing—Modeling—Painting—Decorative Design and Carving—Ceramic  
Decoration and Pottery—Bookbinding and Leather Work, etc., etc.  
Illustrated lectures and museum collections free to all students.  
Day Classes Open Monday, Sept. 25. Night Classes Open Monday, Oct. 31.  
Catalogue and information on request. Visitors welcome.

**BOOKS** { All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at . . . } **ROEDER'S BOOK STORE**  
616 LOCUST STREET.



**TWIN  
TRAINS  
TO  
TEXAS**

The "Meteor" through to Fort Worth, leaves St. Louis 2:45 p. m. daily.

The "Texas Limited" through to Dallas, Houston, Galveston and San Antonio, leaves St. Louis 8:21 p. m. daily.

Observation Cars

Fred Harvey Meals.

**A. HILTON, G. P. A.,**

St. Louis, Mo.

Cleaning Then and Now." To-morrow, Friday, November 10, marks the close of the contest. The essays submitted will then be turned over to a committee of judges, all qualified for the task, who will select from the bunch the winners of the \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10 and six \$5 prizes, and will award to the class room attended by the first prize winner a valuable globe atlas. Some very creditable essays have been written thus far by the contestants, and it is not unlikely that the judges will have some difficulty in awarding the prizes. It has also increased interest in the new dustless method of house cleaning, the advantages of which are now appreciated by every housekeeper.

every housekeeper, and which can be employed by phoning or writing the company's offices, 4436-38 Olive street.

\*\*\*

A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was teaching a Sunday school class. At the close, he said he would be glad to answer any questions. A little hand went up, and he asked: "Well, my boy?" "Can I ask?" said the boy. "Certainly," said the bishop; "what is it?" "Well," asked the boy, "is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under dem?"

The First Grand Concert Tour of the World-Famed Prima Donna,

**MME. EAMES**

Assisted by EMILIO DE GEGORZA, Baritone; JOSEPH HOLLMAN, Cellist; AMHERST WEBBER, Pianist, includes one appearance in St. Louis on

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV 14, 1905

**AT THE ODEON**

Sale of Reserved seats begins at BOLL-MAN'S, 1120 Olive st., To-day (Thursday, Nov. 9) at 9 a. m. Mail orders addressed to R. P. STRINE, No. 5, Odeon, will be taken and filled in order of their receipt when accompanied by remittance. The scale of prices will be as follows: Box seats \$3; lower floor \$2.50 and \$2; balcony \$1.50 and \$1.

A witty but not over-industrious Celt was one of a street gang. A few minutes before noon, one day, he threw his shovel into the gutter, sat down on the curbstone, and proceeded to fill and light his pipe. Just then the superintendent of streets came around a corner and, seeing Pat, roared out: "Here! What are you throwing down your shovel for at this time of day?" "to cool it, sir," said Pat.

## THE MIRROR

### ...OLYMPIC...

THIS WEEK  
Charles Frohman  
Presents  
**FRANCIS WILSON**  
In Two Great Comedy  
Successes  
**COUSIN BILLY**  
By CLYDE FITCH.  
To Be Followed By  
The Little Father of  
the Wilderness  
Seats Thursday.

NEXT WEEK  
**MADGE CARR COOK**  
IN

Mrs. Wiggs of the  
Cabbage Patch  
The Greatest  
Character Play  
on the Stage.  
Seats Thursday.

### CENTURY

THIS WEEK  
**MR. F. G. WHITNEY**  
will present  
**Mme. Schumann-Heink**  
The world's most famous  
contralto and  
comediene  
In Stange and Edward's  
Comic Opera  
**LOVE'S LOTTERY**  
Only Mat. Saturday

NEXT WEEK  
Richard Carle Amusement  
Co. Enterprise  
will present

**The Maid and  
The Mummy**

Richard Carle's brightest  
quickest, merry musical  
melange, with original  
New York production  
and company of eighty-  
five musical comedy  
celebrities. Seats Thur.

### GARRICK TWICE DAILY

First time in St. Louis of JOHN C. FISHER'S  
Colossal English Musical Spectacular Extrava-  
ganza in Two Acts and Fourteen Scenes.

### Babes IN THE Wood

With 200 People—Mostly Girls.

Next Week.

JEFFERSON De ANGELIS

### FANTANA

Seat Sale Thursday.

### GRAND

Matinees Wednesday, &  
Saturday, 25c and 50c

Night Prices, 25, 35, 50, 75, \$1.00

Mittenthal Brothers Offer JOHNNY FORD and  
MAYME GEHRUE in the New and  
Sparkling Musical Comedy,

### LOVERS and LUNATICS

Next Sun. Mat.—YORK STATE FOLKS.

### IMPERIAL

Temptation Prices

15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Matinee every week day, 25c.

The Favorite Comedian PAUL QUINN and

Forty Merry Associates

### THE FUNNY MR. DOOLEY

Laughter—Songs—Host of Pretty Girls

Next Sun. Mat.—More to be Pitied Than Scorned

### GAYETY

14th and Locust Streets.

Matinees Daily.

### TRANSATLANTICS

Next Week—RENTZ-STANLEY.

### GERMAN THEATER—ODEON

Heinemann and Welb, Managers.

Next Sun. Night, in Honor of Schiller's Birthday

### "FIESCO" or "The Conspiracy of Genoa"

New Costumes, New Scenery, Full Cast.

First Classic Evening of the Season.

*Corked or Tin Capped*

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The Scientific Stations for the Brewing Industry of Bohemia and Bavaria, attest that Budweiser is not only equal to the best Bohemian and Bavarian beers in all their properties, but exceeds them in keeping qualities. Budweiser is brewed and bottled only at the home plant of the

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St. Louis, U. S. A.

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**\$3.50 and \$5.00**

Representing the best shoe making for  
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All leathers, heavy, single and double  
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We honestly think our present large  
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most dependable in all respects we  
have shown in 30 years.

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N. BROADWAY

### STANDARD

THIS WEEK

The Merry Makers Burlesquers

And the Only Original (Copyrighted) Moving  
Pictures Taken at the Ringside of the

**BRITT-NELSON FIGHT**

NEXT WEEK  
WILLIAMS' IDEALS.

**the Grand** Wm. Schaefer  
Proprietor

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets,

**Fine Bar and Billiard  
Hall in the West**

STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS  
IN EVERY RESPECT.

### To CUBA

This season will mark the inauguration  
of the

### HAVANA LIMITED

Between

### ST. LOUIS and MOBILE

In connection with the

### S.S. "PRINCE GEORGE"

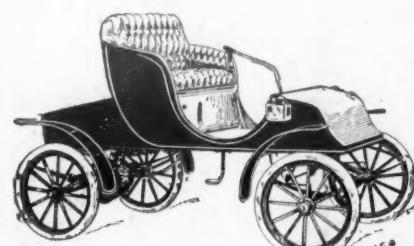
Between

### MOBILE and HAVANA

The Havana Limited will be a *train de luxe*, operated on a fast schedule over the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, making immediate connection at Mobile with the superb nineteen knot, electric lighted, steel, twin-screw S. S. "Prince George," which is constructed on the lines of the ocean greyhounds Campania and Lucania, with accommodations for two hundred first cabin passengers and sixty second cabin. The trip from St. Louis to Havana will consume fifty-three hours.

For full information, write Jno. M. Beall,  
General Passenger Agent, Mobile & Ohio Railroad,  
St. Louis.

## THE MIRROR



The Pope-Waverly Chelsea Model;  
without Coupe Top, Price, \$1,100.



The Woods Extension Front Brougham.

Seats five, 43-inch seat, radius, 50 miles on a single charge; speed, 16 miles per hour;  
weight, 3500 lbs. Price, \$3,000.



The Pope-Waverly Chelsea Model;  
with Coupe Top, Price, \$1,450.

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The Stevens-  
Duryea,  
The Pope Lines,  
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And Names  
Of Users  
Upon Request.

THE Electric Brougham is an investment for a period of years. It is practically indestructible, and models do not change each season. It is a vehicle that can be used continuously morning, afternoon and night, and when not in use, all expense immediately ceases. Note the great road clearance, very necessary in deep snow. The batteries in the Woods Brougham are assembled in separate trays and can be handled readily by one man.

The great strides made in the improvement of batteries in the past year has put the electric vehicle to the front. For city use and for country club runs, it is unequalled. We have facilities for charging or are prepared to install charging outfits in private stables.

We still have some deliveries in November on orders placed now.

## Mississippi Valley Automobile Co.

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